

The Listener

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'Poster for Comedians of the U.S. of A.' Paul Klee (see page 28)

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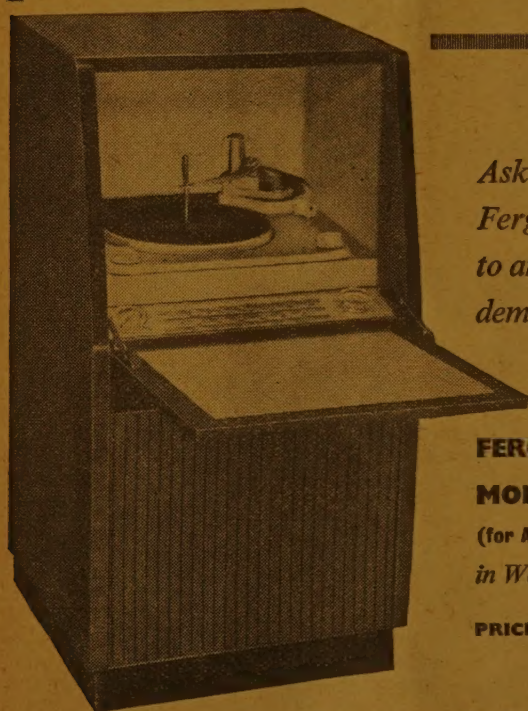
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The Listener

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Europe and Christian Democracy Today

By PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

WHATEVER else may have been rescued from the debris of the European Defence Community, the vision of a united Catholic Europe cemented by a common faith in the principles of Christian democracy now has little chance of fulfilment. In France, for the first time since the war, the M.R.P. had no place in M. Mendès-France's government, and although they are represented in the present French Government, they no longer control the Quai D'Orsay. In Italy, Signor De Gasperi, one of the founding fathers of Christian democracy, is dead and his party gravely weakened, with its early idealism sullied by spectacular scandals. Although the Christian Democrats are still in power in west Germany, the party's Catholic emphasis is less and less obvious. In the last Belgian election, the Catholic party suffered a considerable setback and is now in opposition. In terms of influence, only Dr. Adenauer remains of the great Catholic triumvirate—Schuman, De Gasperi, and Adenauer himself—who seemed in 1949 to hold Europe in the hollow of their hands.

The river of Christian democracy which promised to irrigate the parched desert of European politics with the blessings of Catholic social and economic thinking has been deflected, diluted, and now threatens to run dry. Why has the Christian Democratic movement come to so little after such promising beginnings?

The condition of post-war Europe certainly provided the Church with a more attentive and sympathetic audience, not only in the general sense of a return to religious faith but also in the special interest shown in the Church's social and economic doctrines, than almost at any time since the Reformation. The nineteenth-century assumptions of liberal materialism had been shattered by the rise of fascism in their midst. As the Church always predicted it would, the seed of social and economic individualism, first sown with such high hopes in the declining days of the medieval Church, produced four centuries later a terrible harvest of dragon's teeth. But fascism was not the only warning light. If it had been, the victory of democracy in the war might well have

disguised the liberal predicament. The defeat of fascism, far from demonstrating the inner strength and power of recovery of liberal society, only served to throw into great prominence its other major internal corruption—marxist materialism. But whereas the parties of the right had been tainted by fascism and of the left with communism, the Church had always preached against the inherent evils of both systems, even if some of her adherents had given way to temptation. It is not surprising, therefore, that, in the immediate post-war years, the Catholic Church recovered considerable leeway as an influence in European political life.

There was a certain superficial appositeness in Catholic social and economic doctrine as a possible cure for post-war Europe's ills. In their modern version of the corporate state, they had been designed in the latter half of the nineteenth century to recapture the allegiance of the European proletariat from the first stirrings of the very danger now reaching its massive maturity—a Catholic socialism to counter its marxist or materialist rival. In the nineteenth century, however, when Catholic radicalism first raised its voice against the evil of capitalism and liberalism, its protests fell on stony ground. Certainly, looking back, it is now clear that Catholic radicals of the day were absurdly naive to imagine that the walls of the capitalist Jericho could be blown over by anything so weak as corporatism. They also totally failed to measure the depth of the revolutionary strivings of the same period. Both sides of the capitalist equation were, it is true, prepared to flirt with the Church's idea of the corporate state, so long as they thought they would in fact control it, but no genuine fusion of interests was ever seriously considered. The capitalists themselves were far too confident to think of compromise, and proletariat hope of Utopia through bloody revolution had not then been dissolved by its fearful example in modern times.

The situation in 1945, however, was strikingly different. Capitalism was on the defensive. The bourgeois were not only shaken in their

intellectual convictions but the economic premises upon which their position rested had been undermined by two world wars and the great depression. It was no longer the Church which saw in the class war a new division of society through which it could divide and conquer, but the middle classes who saw in the Church an invaluable ally in their last-ditch stand against communism. The formerly anti-clerical liberal society, which during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had spent so much energy in weakening and decrying Rome, turned in their extremity to their old enemy for its support. Equally, millions of 'have-nots', rejecting communism's godlessness and contempt for the individual, saw in Catholic radicalism a version of society that protected their interests without sacrificing their souls. With the virtues of unlimited capitalism and unlimited revolution equally tarnished, both sides of the capitalist equation looked to the Church for leadership and support. Such was the broad historical background of the popular movement which, four years after the war, swept parties of the Catholic centre to power in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Belgium.

Broad Inspiration—and Political Programme

In each of these countries it soon became apparent that Christian democracy as a broad inspiration and as a political programme were two very different things. When it came to practical politics and practical economics, when it came, in short, to dealing with the complex of party traditions and associations and economic interests which had developed in each of the countries, the Catholic parties were forced to pay less and less attention to any specifically Catholic social and economic doctrines. These were found to be impracticable within the context of party politics. Take, for example, the Catholic social doctrine of the organic society, which by definition involves a hierarchical order and therefore cuts right across the basic French revolutionary slogan of equality. It was clearly inconceivable that any French M.R.P. politician should advocate such sentiments if he wanted to win votes.

The great difference between the Catholic radical movement of the nineteenth and of the twentieth centuries is that while the former hoped only to influence, the latter intended to govern. The Christian Democratic movement of 1945 and after was composed not of moral enthusiasts but of professional politicians who wanted power. But within the party system, the inevitable condition of winning the necessary majority is a willingness to compromise. To win and maintain power, therefore, the Catholic parties of Europe were forced to allow their political and economic doctrines to be dissolved by the cross-currents of party bargaining. As parties of the centre they were forced to concede ground, first to the left and then to the right, as the pendulum of public opinion swung to and fro. The M.R.P., for example, beginning as a party of the left, steadily moved to the right under the pressures of party politics. The M.R.P.'s need to win a majority for its Indo-Chinese policy or for E.D.C. made any purism about the 'just price' or 'just wage' seem irrelevant idealism. The Catholic principles became more and more general and less and less translated into daily practice. The truth is that a political programme whose principal inspiration is, in the last resort, love of God and a vision of society dedicated to the glory of God, does not fit into the political arrangements of parliamentary government whose inspiration has been the pre-eminence and infallibility of rational man.

The Catholic polity can be imposed from above in a theocracy or grow up in the course of centuries from below, as it did in the Middle Ages, but it cannot emerge from the compromises, lobbyings, personal antagonisms and loyalties of a few hundred professional politicians campaigning for votes. Inevitably, therefore, each national Christian Democratic party in the years after the war developed along different lines, depending on the variations of political pressures within their different party systems. Nothing, for example, could be further from the Catholic economic doctrine than the free enterprise, *laissez-faire* system of De Erhard in western Germany. The practical implications, however, of the corporate state would have been wholly unacceptable to the post-war German electorate.

Even a cursory glance at the political and economic conditions of post-war 'little' Europe makes it perfectly clear that the whole idea of Christian democracy could have had no general meaning, but only gained its significance from the particular national context within which it campaigned for power. But, just as the Christian Democratic parties were able to gain power only by compromise, so in its turn has compromise proved their fatal weakness. In the process they have lost direction, purpose, and vitality.

If, however, Christian democracy as expressed in organised political

parties has lost its *élan*, the germ of the idea has generated perhaps more lasting fruit in the Church's attitude itself to social, political, and economic problems. Here the process is still very much in flux and is too early to see how it will work out. The immediate post-war Catholic radicalism suffered severe setbacks in the widespread success of communism in France and Italy. Catholic attempts to capture the loyalty of the workers enjoyed inadequate returns. The element of Russian power and influence had been absurdly underestimated. The loss to the Church of eastern Europe, for example, was an unexpected blow—well underneath the ideological belt. The impact of those setbacks on Rome was somewhat similar to their impact on Washington. Communism clearly was not relying on persuasion but on force. Rome, therefore, brought its own arsenal of coercion into play, and made allegiance to communism a sin punishable by excommunication. There was also a marked hardening in the Church's social and economic attitudes. Thenceforward all the emphasis was placed on the Church's spiritual and sacerdotal role rather than its social role. In times of crisis the traditional reaction of the Church is to exploit every ounce of spiritual pressure, to tighten up spiritual discipline, to clear the decks so to speak, of all superfluous ballast so that in the rough seas ahead the Church can carry its essential cargo—the divine revelation—safely to harbour.

Finding herself faced with a proletariat imbued with marxian concepts who saw economics and productive relations as the centre of reality, and judged religion only for its value in the social field, the Church found it necessary to emphasise the transcendent importance of religion, its central position in the universe from which the social and economic considerations of man acquire only secondary importance. It was this attitude, taken up in a crucial period of the cold war when the prospect of the Church having once again to take to the wilderness seemed possible, that prompted Rome to frown on the worker priests who attempted to harness Catholicism to the requirements of one class or group. Rome refused to allow the French priesthood, or any part of it, to place material considerations at the centre of their duties even if the price of such a refusal was the success of communism among the French workers. If the Church was to be persecuted, it would suffer with its essential truths untarnished by desperate efforts to win favour with an ephemeral mood.

Failure of Ideological Strikes

There are signs, however, that this period of ecclesiastical contraction and internal discipline is coming to an end—at least in Italy. So long as the marxists in France and Italy attempted to whip up enthusiasm among the workers for the marxist and revolutionary mystique, in fact while they hawked an ideology, a theory of society, the Church remained implacably opposed on every level. In western Europe today, however, there are signs that this period of marxist propaganda has now worked itself out. Strikes, for example, are no longer organised on general political and social issues, or as broad offensives in the class war which are justified on theoretical grounds. Such strikes proved singularly ineffective, as the workers refused to play. When the marxists organised strikes today, it is for particular and practical ends, for some special pay increases or improvement in conditions. Only in this way can they retain their following. On this plane, Catholicism can fight an equal battle, because social justice, as against dialectical materialism, has a profound place in Catholic teaching.

It is significant, therefore, that Signor La Pira, the Mayor of Florence and his left-wing Catholic following, have the support of the Pope despite his recent agreement with the communists in Florence to work hand in hand with them. Signor Pira is a Catholic radical preaching Catholic social and economic principles. He does not say to the industrialists 'Do this because the communists will get you', but 'Do this because it is right'. He preaches the old Catholic lesson which has been taught from the pulpit down the centuries—that a workman's skill and his right to work are property which must be protected by law, as much as the physical property of the owner'. In Italy, the Church is now once again beginning to fulfil the function which after the war was tried, but was scared off by the alarming success of communism all over the world. The relative containment of Russian communist aggression and therefore the reduction, at least in western Europe, of the ideological conflict to its genuine proportions—without Russian strength consistently threatening to falsify the balance—has given Catholicism a further chance.

In France, the anti-clerical tradition of the Radical and Socialist parties makes the Catholic contribution to political life exceeding

lique. The possibilities of healing the wound were passed over after war through Radical short-sightedness and no new opportunity has been offered itself. The Catholic objection to communism is as an interpretation of history and philosophy alien to the basic tenets of the Church. But where communism amounts only to an appeal for an extra 100 francs or lire an hour and so on, the Church will allow its faithful to fight on the same side in the hope of eventually canalising the momentum for social justice into approved channels. Such a modification of its attitude may well lead to important realignments in the political life of western Europe—particularly in Italy itself, where the faults are already apparent.

From the long-term point of view nothing is more likely to exercise greater influence on the Catholic role in contemporary political arrangements than the decline of marxism in left-wing political thinking. It is interesting that the German Socialist Party, the first great marxian party in Europe, should now be in the foreground of the new socialist attitude to social and economic problems. The class war is more and more seen in Germany as an irrelevancy in modern society, as the workers themselves begin to appreciate the example of the New World capitalist order. In the United States both workers and employers profit from greater productivity, and there is less and less talk of the exploiters

and the exploited. One of the most valuable results of the Atlantic Community is that this sane and healthy attitude should be spreading to Europe. The identity of interest between both sides of the capitalist equation is one of the prime objects of Catholic economic and social doctrine, and the Church, which still carries vast influence among the masses, can—and, I think, will—play a valuable role in popularising what may be called the 'New World' social attitude to its following. When Italian immigrants reach the New World they soon lose any vestiges of proletarian class consciousness. In the Old World the process will inevitably be slower. But the Church can vastly expedite the process. This will not be done by direct political action. The post-war experience of Christian Democratic parties as instruments of Catholic influence have disillusioned any ideas of the Church's return to party politics. But in its economic and social teaching the Church is ideally suited as a bridge by which the gap between the two great bodies of European society can be spanned.

One crucial barrier, however, still remains. Although European socialism has largely sloughed off its marxist straitjacket, there still remains the old, blind, anti-religious prejudice. It would be tragic if this ludicrous and infantile narrowness should prevent the Church from assisting in the creation of a new Europe.—*Third Programme*

The United Nations: the Record of Ten Years

By SIR CHARLES WEBSTER

THE tenth anniversary of the signing of the Charter of the United Nations was celebrated at San Francisco on June 26 in a manner that showed the importance attached to it. President Eisenhower and ex-President Truman addressed its General Assembly. All the Great Powers save China were represented by their Foreign Ministers, together with those of thirty-four other States. Many of the delegates of the fifty nations who were present at the conference ten years ago came back to reaffirm their faith in the organisation which they had helped to create. The citizens of San Francisco, who had in 1945 vainly tried to become the permanent hosts of the United Nations, nevertheless received the delegates with characteristic enthusiasm and hospitality. Clearly the United Nations is a living organism with a strong, world-wide appeal.

But one had the impression that the British people were not much interested in the event itself, though a good deal in the meeting of the Foreign Ministers which the event made possible. Yet perhaps no country has a greater interest in the success of the United Nations than Britain, and Britain certainly played a major part in bringing it into existence. Without our initiative at some critical moments the United Nations would never have been made before the war ended, and, if so, it would probably never have been made at all. What kind of international institutions to maintain world peace and security could now be in existence is anybody's guess, but they would hardly

be as suitable to our purpose as those which we possess today.

This lack of interest is no doubt largely owing to the fact that the machinery of the United Nations has not provided easy solutions for the difficult problems that have arisen since the war. It is constantly said that our hopes about it have been disappointed. But in fact the hopes of many of those who had most to do with the making of the United Nations were not very high on June 26, 1945, when the Charter was signed. It was late in the war before anything at all had been done about it, and it had been brought into existence only after great controversy. It might be said, indeed, that the shape which it finally assumed ran contrary to the first ideas of the three great war leaders, President Roosevelt, Sir Winston Churchill, and Marshal Stalin. These

men thought in terms of the development of the Great Power alliance of the war, the United States insisting that China should be a member of it, while Britain had been the foremost advocate of restoring France to an equal position with the others. Many schemes were also afoot for setting up regional organisations of a continental or semi-continental character. A low ebb had been reached in the reputation of the League of Nations, to which the United States had never belonged and from which the Soviet Union had only recently been expelled. Something new was needed, it was often said, something with teeth in it, and this could be obtained only if the alliance of the Great Powers took the same commanding position in peace as they held in the war.



A meeting of the United Nations Security Council in New York

This plan was more than a hundred years out of date. It never had the slightest chance of being accepted by the smaller powers. Nor was public opinion in Britain and the United States prepared to accept such a solution. The British and United States leaders saw these facts in time and were ready to merge the Great Power alliance in a larger organisation subjected to the restraints of an ordered constitution and expressing a moral purpose.

But the Soviet Union found it more difficult to accept this point of view. It wished to prevent any action with which it did not agree in the Security Council, which was to be set up to maintain peace, while at the same time giving to the Great Powers, if they did agree, authority to coerce the other states. More than once, therefore, during the preliminary negotiations between the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union, it had seemed to be impossible for the last to agree with the other two. But the discussion had always continued, and, at Yalta, Marshal Stalin accepted a compromise on the most disputed point, the position of the Great Powers in the Security Council. The Sponsoring Powers, as they were called, China being one and France soon added, then laid their draft of the Charter before the forty-five other states at San Francisco.

Never before in history had there been such a conference. Hitherto all negotiations on questions of such supreme importance had been decided by discussion without votes. But the Charter was subjected to the vote of fifty nations, the Great Powers having only one vote like all the rest, and every clause had to be carried by a two-thirds majority. No fewer than 1,200 amendments to the Charter had been tabled, many of them directed explicitly at the position of the Great Powers, and twelve committees were set up to discuss them. The differences between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union were well known, and a determined effort was made to drive a wedge between them. Had it succeeded, no international organisation would have been brought into existence.

But the Great Power front was not broken. At the outset the Foreign Ministers of the Sponsoring Powers agreed on what amendments they would accept and added a few of their own. One of these was the famous Article 51, due mainly to the Latin-American states. This Article allowed groups of states to join together in self-defence, if the Security Council failed to act. I have never been able to understand how the Soviet Union came to agree to this amendment. But at this period Mr. Molotov was not unco-operative and used fairly frequently what was apparently the only other English word he then knew: 'O.K.', instead of the 'No' for which he later became famous. Senators Connally and Vandenberg used to reply with 'Khorasho'—'very well'—the only Russian word they knew; and general harmony reigned.

From the British point of view the United States and the Soviet Union had already insisted on defining in too great detail in the Charter procedures concerning the pacific settlement of disputes and the use of sanctions against an aggressor. We wished to leave them to be determined as far as possible by experience, general guides to conduct, and an assurance that the Security Council would not use its power arbitrarily, being provided with the Purposes and Principles of the United Nations which we had got written into the Charter. But now the smaller powers pressed for the meaning of the chapters dealing with these questions to be made even more precise, and this naturally drove the Soviet Union to insist on its own interpretation of them. Only a personal appeal to Marshal Stalin by Mr. Harry Hopkins enabled a compromise again to be reached, and the Sponsoring Powers to agree on their celebrated answer to other states about them. This made even more rigid

an instrument already too much so. Yet it was clear that no international organisation could come into existence unless the smaller powers gave way. The wisest amongst them had long known this, and in the end the draft of the Sponsoring Powers on the maintenance of international peace and security was voted without any important alterations except what they themselves had proposed.

But in the rest of the Charter, which dealt with international co-operation for welfare, a good deal of alteration took place at San Francisco. In this sphere the Great Powers claimed no special position, nor had the United Nations any right of coercion. These matters were thus given to the General Assembly and the Economic and Social Council elected by it, on both of which all states, great and small, had an equal vote. Specialised Agencies, such as the World Health Organisation and the Food and Agriculture Organisation, had already been set up for some of these questions, and there was no objection to new aspirations, such as the maintenance of full employment and higher standards of living, being written into the Charter.

There was also much insistence on the General Assembly's right to discuss any matter at all, including security and political questions. The Soviet Union showed much nervousness at this claim, but, as I told their delegates at the time, no body of representatives can be prevented from discussing any subject whatever if they really want to do so. The General Assembly in the last ten years has given some striking examples of this fact.

Three new chapters were added to the Charter on a subject that had not been ripe for settlement in the preliminary discussions, the government of dependent territories. There the Colonial Powers made great concessions to the demands of the Asiatic and American delegates. They agreed that a Trusteeship Council should be set up in place of the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations and gave it wider powers than its predecessor to enquire into the administration of the trust territories. They also promised to inform the United Nations about their other dependent territories. And, finally, the Colonial Powers agreed to a declaration that the interests of the native inhabitants and the promotion of their ability to govern themselves should be the main object of colonial administration. These principles had long been those of the British Commonwealth. Nevertheless we had our misgivings as to how these questions would be treated by those who had no experience or responsibility in such matters, misgivings which were fortunately abundantly justified during the last ten years.

There were also inserted in the Charter no fewer than seven references to human rights and fundamental freedoms of all peoples. This perhaps rather excessive emphasis was due to a curious combination of the Soviet Union on the one hand and a number of influential societies in the United States on the other. Many states of Asia and Latin America supported them and much oratory was devoted to the subject, the sequence sometimes being in inverse proportion to the regard paid to such rights in the country of the speaker. Nevertheless this emphasis on human rights and self-determination was the result of strong and widespread feelings which had to be reckoned with in the post-war world.

So we had a Security Council in which the Great Powers and six other states elected by the General Assembly were, it was hoped, to establish a real regime of collective security and a General Assembly to promote the welfare of the world and in particular of the under-privileged part of the world.

With regard to the first question of security, things have worked out very differently from what was planned. There were two great surprises. The Soviet Union was far more obstructive than even the most pessimistic



Burmese children with the milk supplied to them by the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund

had prophesied. Its negative attitude prevented the machinery of security being set up, much less used. Its constant use of the veto prevented the Security Council from being that 'center for harmonizing the interests of nations' which had been promised in the Charter. The second surprise was the attitude of the United States, which showed more enthusiasm for the United Nations than any other country. It used it as one of the main means by which it replaced its traditional policy of isolation with one of world leadership and co-operation. And when the Security Council could not function, it used the General Assembly as the international organ through which it worked. Thus when the challenge came in Korea from Communist China, it was the General Assembly which provided the moral support for the action of the U.S. Only Britain and some members of the Commonwealth and a few other states gave them much assistance, but their action was taken on behalf of the world community. Had that not been done the United Nations would hardly have any life in it at all today.

Meanwhile, also under the aegis of the United Nations, special organisations for defence came into existence. For the legal basis of Nato is Article 51 of the Charter, and its members are pledged to observe the Purposes and Principles of the United Nations. Seato has a similar position, and so has the Organisation of American States. Thus the security system has been partly decentralised, but in each case the United States uses the new machinery to play the part we hoped it would assume in the post-war world. Neither in Europe nor in Asia are we left alone to face the difficult problems that confront us.

However, the General Assembly had increased its importance and Europe is under-represented in it. The Trusteeship system, the reports on dependent territories and the Declaration of Human Rights have been used there as instruments for asserting the new resurgence of Asia against the control exercised over it for centuries by European states. Both the Soviet Union and the United States as well as Latin-America joined them in trying to hasten the self-determination of all dependent peoples. There has been much foolish talk on the subject by men who had no responsibility for the consequences of their words. They certainly often went beyond the Charter both in letter and spirit in their recommendations. But this deep surge of human emotion had to

have an outlet, and as the practical difficulties in applying these principles have become apparent the discussions have grown, I think, more reasonable. The General Assembly has no power to act or compel, and this great debate, of which we hear too little in this country, is one of the means by which the new nationalism of Asia and Africa may gradually be made aware of its real needs.

One of these needs is a rise in their standard of living and health and technical ability, and this problem has for the first time been tackled in a scientific fashion by the United Nations and the Specialised Agencies. This beneficent work has largely been made possible by the help of the United States assisted by Britain and the Commonwealth. As a centre of international welfare the United Nations has made more progress than might have been expected ten years ago.

All this has been done in an organisation which is, unfortunately, less universal than it ought to be. True, ten states have been added to the fifty of 1945. But an equal number remain outside the United Nations who have just as good a right to be members of it. This is owing to the fact that the consent of all the Great Powers must be given to the election of new members, a right which they did not possess in the League of Nations. It is also to be deplored that China is only represented by the Government of Formosa, which has meant, amongst other things, that Asia has often not been represented adequately on the Security Council. These are difficulties which should be resolved as soon as possible and might well be one of the subjects of the high-level talks about to take place between the powers at Geneva.

But in any case the United Nations remains as a place where the two great power blocs and those who try to be neutral between them can come together to find a way of reconciling their different outlooks before it is too late. We in Britain have always stressed the use of the United Nations for the pacific settlement of disputes rather than for coercion. If it can perform this task, the world can then tackle the problems of atomic energy, the limitation of conventional armaments, and the fair distribution of the riches of the world, with some real hope of success. These things remain in doubt, as they did in 1945, but the penalties of failure have grown more terrible, and I am more hopeful of success than I was ten years ago.—*Home Service*

Should Collective Trade Practices Be Made Illegal?

By JAMES B. JEFFERYS

THE new report on monopoly practices* is the most forthright and far-reaching of any of the Commission's reports to date. The Commission investigated the trade practices that are collectively enforced or operated, usually through trade associations by groups of manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. The Commission shows that these associations in some instances establish minimum conditions that have to be fulfilled before newcomers can enter a trade; they attempt to limit the numbers of dealers in a trade; and they fix the buying and selling prices of the goods and the conditions of sale. Any dealer who fails to comply with the terms may be called before a private tribunal and fined, or he may be deprived of all his supplies by an organised boycott of manufacturers and wholesalers, and may be driven out of business.

Having examined the operation of these practices—and I ought to emphasise that about one half of the goods we buy are subject to them in one degree or another—the majority of the Commission recommend that legislation should be introduced to outlaw all such collective agreements. The two main reasons given for recommending such drastic action are: first, that existing agreements place in the hands of associations a power over individual traders that is regarded as excessive and dangerous; secondly, these binding and collective obligations are held to lead to an undue rigidity in methods and in pricing, and to prevent and discourage manufacturers and traders from trying out new and different ways of conducting their business. On the other hand, a minority of the Commission express the view that the evidence does not justify so sweeping a condemnation, and they recommend that all agreements should be registered and published and each examined in turn.

From the point of view of consumers, and of the economy as a whole, the most important practice that has been condemned is the collective enforcement of resale price maintenance; that is, the system whereby manufacturers fix the final price of an article and no retailer may sell the article at a lower price under penalty of being blacklisted by the

whole trade. It is important to note, however, that the Commission was not asked to say whether or not any system of fixed, maintained prices was a good or a bad thing for the country. They were only asked to say whether the collective enforcement of such prices was or was not harmful to the public interest, and the majority verdict was 'Yes'. By implication, therefore, if the recommendations of the Commission become law as they stand, a manufacturer individually will still be able to fix selling prices, but he will have to devise other individual means to enforce them.

This, to my mind, is putting the cart before the horse. Surely the first thing that has to be decided is whether a system of fixed prices is or is not contrary to the public interest. Then, having decided, with qualifications if necessary, one proceeds to determine the fairest and most efficient set of rules that will enable the general decision on principle to be carried out. The Commission itself, with clear terms of reference, is not to be blamed for the upside-down procedure. In fact, one gets the impression that the members signing the majority report were rather irked by the limitations. Further, when the possible consequences of their recommendations are considered, it would appear that the majority would not be unduly alarmed if the baby—all forms of fixed selling prices—were thrown out with the bath-water—the existing rules for enforcing them. Many experts believe that, in some trades, manufacturers, without the assistance of collective enforcement, would have great difficulty in ensuring that retailers sold their goods at fixed prices.

One must hope that the Government and the public, who are not handicapped by terms of reference, will, in considering the report, attempt to avoid the confusion that results from partial legislation, and will consider this report along with the Lloyd Jacob report on resale price maintenance published in 1948. And it must be remembered that, following two years' discussion of that report with the trade, the Labour Government came to the conclusion that the best policy for the country was the ending of all systems of fixed selling prices.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

* *Collective Discrimination: a Report on Exclusive Dealing, Collective Boycotts, Aggregated Rebates, and Other Discriminatory Trade Practices.* H.M. Stationery Office. 3s. 6d.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

The British Press

IT is no mere coincidence that a number of newspapers are at present celebrating the centenary of their foundation. Greetings must be extended, among others, to *The Daily Telegraph* and to *The Scotsman*. *The Manchester Guardian*, started as a weekly in 1821, became a daily newspaper in 1855; its present distinguished editor, Mr. A. P. Wadsworth, is to be congratulated on the honorary degree of LL.D. which has been conferred upon him by the University of Manchester. The reason why the year 1855 gave an impetus to the press was that the stamp duty was then abolished. This duty had been raised to fourpence in 1815 and it was found impossible to produce a daily newspaper of four pages at a price of less than sevenpence. The abolition of the duty had been preceded by the abolition of the tax on advertisements in 1853 and was followed in 1861 by the abolition of the duty on paper. *The Daily Telegraph* was originally published at twopence and then at a penny. But the penny dailies were highly respectable newspapers—quite unlike the 'flysheets' which in the days of the stamp duty were frequently prosecuted for seditious or blasphemous libel. They catered for the middle classes and the male reader. They were predominantly political and the leader writer was the most important member of the staff.

The next great change in the character of the British press came during the last fifteen years of the nineteenth century. *Tit-Bits*, founded by George Newnes, and *Answers*, founded by Lord Northcliffe, were designed to please a new class of readers, the public educated in the state schools. Popular journalism invaded the daily newspaper when *The Daily Mail* was launched in May, 1896, at the price of a half-penny: in three years it had reached what was then the very large circulation of half a million. Up till this time the owners of newspapers valued them largely as a means of wielding political and social influence, and as Mr. Ensor has said, 'The newspaper world was about the last quarter in which anyone would have looked for a millionaire'. The financial success of *Tit-Bits* and *The Daily Mail* altered all that. Thenceforward newspapers became commercial propositions. And during the last half-century the battle for circulations and for well-paid advertising has played a dominant part in the history of the press.

The price of the growth in circulations has been a search for sensationalism. This is a tricky and controversial subject, for sensationalism of one sort or another has been a feature of the British press since the seventeenth century. It has recently been remarked that Lord Northcliffe would have disapproved of the lurid character of some modern newspapers. Be that as it may, certain landmarks may be described in recent years. The emancipation of women in 1919 meant that newspapers had to appeal to a new class of reader, on whom stories of human interest exercised an especial fascination. The introduction of sound broadcasting in the nineteen-twenties caused a purveyor of factual news to be available in millions of homes. A lowering of the tempo of party politics meant that the amount of space devoted to domestic politics could be reduced; the disappearance of middle-class taboos allowed a franker description of subjects previously not thought fit to be read about in the home. Some sections of the industry of the press frankly came to rely upon the exploitation of sex. On the other hand, during the present century many independent newspapers, born in the different atmosphere of the mid-nineteenth century, fell casualties. Gloom is now often expressed about the future both of daily and weekly papers. But the press has always had its ups and downs. It will surely continue to be essential to the life of the country.

What They Are Saying

Cyprus and Geneva

BRITAIN'S INVITATION to Greece and Turkey to a conference in London to discuss questions affecting the eastern Mediterranean including Cyprus, was widely commented on. From Greece, *Akropolis* was quoted as describing the British invitation as the first step towards a solution of the Cyprus issue, which, it added, can be finally solved only by the realisation of Enosis. Greek-language newspapers in Cyprus itself insisted that the people of Cyprus would accept nothing less than self-determination. The Turkish-language press in Cyprus welcomed the British invitation and expressed the belief that at the proposed conference the best solution would be found for both the Cyprus question and for the security problems of the Middle East. The Greek newspaper *Kathimerini*, as quoted from Athens, said that the fact that Turkey had been included in the invitation was an attempt by Britain to present the Cyprus problem as a three-sided one; the British hoped for Turkish support in delaying Cypriot self-determination indefinitely. An Athens broadcast to Cyprus just before the British invitation attacked the 'childish arguments' used in the recent debate in the Commons to prove that Cyprus was indispensable to Britain as a military base. The broadcast went on:

How could Cyprus possibly lose its value as a strategic base if it were ceded to Greece, when Greece is one of the main bulwarks of the free world? Greece would not deprive the allied forces of the use of Cyprus as a base. In the event of Enosis, British bases on Cyprus would remain untouched.

According to Moscow radio, *Pravda* and others Soviet newspapers on July 1 published without comment the remarks made by President Eisenhower at his recent press conference, including his remarks about 'the riddle' of who rules the Soviet Union, and that Soviet domination of the east European states is an obstacle to peace. On the following day, Moscow radio quoted a *Pravda* editorial on the subject. This praised the President for creating what it called 'prerequisites for improving international relations and easing tension' by the emphasis he placed on the need to end the cold war. But, continued *Pravda*, other statements by the President ran counter to this reasonable proposition: his references to 'Soviet satellites' were tendentious and unjust. *Pravda* then reiterated the claim—constantly re-echoed by communist spokesmen in the satellite states—that the east European governments had been freely chosen by the peoples of those countries.

Other Moscow broadcasts on the forthcoming four-power conference were linked with the extensive publicity given to the recent Assembly of the World Peace Council at Helsinki. The Assembly was 'a representative organisation of world public opinion in all its variety'. The appeal from the Assembly, addressed to the heads of government about to meet in Geneva, reflected 'the united will of the millions of people who sent their spokesmen to Helsinki'. Much publicity was given to the fact that Bertrand Russell had sent a message to the Assembly which had 'deeply moved' the delegates. According to a broadcast from Prague:

Bertrand Russell has up to recently been the protagonist of an aggressive policy . . . and only two years ago demanded that an atomic bomb be dropped on the Soviet Union . . . Is his change of view not a splendid proof of the influence exercised by the peace forces throughout the world?

Other communist broadcasts likewise tried to make out that the 'peace' forces had converted Bertrand Russell from an advocate of atomic war against Russia into a spokesman against the use of atomic weapons, which 'would lead to the destruction of mankind itself'. From Finland, where the Assembly took place, the Liberal newspaper *Helsingin Sanomat* was quoted as saying:

The appeal and the resolution approved by the meeting did not contain much that could not have been guessed beforehand. . . . In regard to Formosa, the demand was made for the removal of foreign troops. It is not known that there are any troops on the island other than Chinese Nationalist troops, and these surely cannot be labelled 'foreign'. . . . The true aim of the Congress was the Geneva conference, whose success is earnestly desired.

A number of western commentators were cautiously hopeful about the prospects of the Geneva conference. From the U.S.A., the *Philadelphia Inquirer* was among other newspapers posing the question whether the new 'smiling, affable' Molotov at San Francisco was the symbol of 'a real or a feigned new look in Soviet policy'.

Did You Hear That?

'AUTOMATION' AT EARLS COURT

'THE WATCHWORD of the British Instrument and Industries Exhibition at Earls Court, London, is an Americanism with which dictionaries over here have not yet caught up—automation', said DONALD MILNER in 'Radio Newsreel'. I asked what was the difference between this and mechanisation, and I gather that whereas mechanisation implies the replacement of the manual worker by the machine, automation substitutes the automaton for the maintenance engineer. This does not mean a staff of robots going round the works, but it does mean that we are already passing beyond the stage of merely setting a machine, or perhaps one should say an instrument to watch a machine, and have reached the stage where the instrument not only reports a defect but applies its own information to rectify it.

'There is a good illustration in the exhibition of the purely supervisory kind of device, in what is called an automatic process monitor, which can take the pulse of an industrial plant at fifty points in four and a half minutes. It checks pressures, rates of flow, temperatures, levels, speeds, and so on, and reports back in the form of a printed tape. If anything goes wrong it registers on the tape the place and nature of the error. If this were registered in the form of punch-holes which could be fed into an electronic brain it would be perfectly possible to correct the error itself automatically.

'Chemical works are probably in the van of automation, but the gas industry is another which is profiting by the new technique. Instead of instruments for measuring gas pressure or flow or the content of a holder at the point of measurement, I saw three quite simple-looking dials on which all these could be read off at a central point which may be as much as twelve miles away from outlying stations.

'Electronics crop up at every point, and most of the exhibits are designed to measure something more efficiently than ever before, whether it is blood corpuscles, sound waves, or exhaust gas from guns and aircraft.

'One abiding impression remains from all the bewildering multiplicity of highly technical innovations and improvements at Earls Court: although this is certainly not an exhibition for the layman, it is one whose instruments are going to have far-reaching effects on the working lives of many of us and upon the prosperity of the whole country in the near future'.

'A PLACE FOR HALF-WAY SEASONS'

'Frome is a place you have to explore on foot, going in a leisurely fashion through the narrow, steeply climbing streets which reveal unexpected beauty at every turn', said VINCENT WAITE in a West of England Home Service talk. 'And what delightful names some of these streets have—Willow Vale, Pudding House Lane, Stoney Street, Button Street, Apple Alley, and Gentle Street, a little cobbled thoroughfare. Turn into Palmer Street and Paul Street, and you rub your eyes. Are you in England, after all?

'Then there is the view of jumbled houses which you can see from the north porch of the church, looking for all the world like the

background of a Brueghel picture. It is a remarkable church, too. It is unusual in England to climb up to a church by picturesque steps and cobbles past a gallery of sculptured panels representing the Crucifixion. And the west front has a broad, tree-shaded parvis just like a miniature continental cathedral.

'Someone once said, "Happy the woman who has no history"; if the same test applies to a town, then Frome is happy indeed. It has been mostly a placid backwater, undisturbed by the storms of history. Even during the Civil War, when the town's open Roundhead sympathies might well have attracted unwelcome attention from the Royalists, it was nearby Nunney Castle which bore the brunt of the siege. And, again, during the Monmouth Rebellion, the townsfolk of Frome were mostly strongly for the Duke. It was lucky for them that they had already been disarmed before he arrived with his rabble army.

All they could offer him was an enthusiastic welcome when he had expected arms and ammunition. Yes, lucky Frome! When the day of reckoning came at the Bloody Assizes there were only a dozen men to be strung up in the market place as a grisly token of what might have been.

'But the town has certainly had its ups and downs of fortune. Once upon a time its cloth was famous enough to be woven into the breeches of his Russian Imperial Majesty's personal bodyguard. Then came a period during which the cantankerous old William Cobbett rode into the town and found 200 or 300 unemployed weavers cracking stones for a living. "I remember", growled Cobbett, "I remember how ready the bluff manufacturers had been to call in the troops against these men.

Let them call them in now to make the trade revive. I foresee the irretrievable decay of this place". Luckily, Frome did not have all its industrial eggs in one basket, and it defied Cobbett's gloomy forecast. One firm of metal-workers became so well known that it was chosen to cast that famous statue of Boadicea which is near the Houses of Parliament. Then from the humble beginnings of a small press in a chemist's outhouse there arose a great printing firm. And the town continues to make West of England cloth. Today, then, Frome is a prosperous town with several flourishing industries.

'I am no painter myself, but I should say that parts of Frome would make an artist's paradise. And it is like its greater cathedral city neighbour, Wells, which has been described as "a place for half-way seasons, and half lights; for early spring and late autumn; for dawn and night". This is indeed the best time to see the lights and shadows of those fascinating little side streets of Frome, and to watch the twilight bring a strange, rosy-golden haze to the cobbles and the steps, to the crooked outline of roofs, chimneys, and walls'.

SNAKE FARM IN THAILAND

'The Pasteur Institute at Bangkok is one of the largest snake farms in the world and the only one of its kind in Asia', said W. T. BLAKE in a Home Service talk. 'These king cobras, black cobras, banded kraits, Russell's vipers, and many smaller snakes are kept in captivity and fed, in order that their poison may be extracted and used to produce anti-snake-bite serum, thus saving hundreds of lives each year.



West front of Frome church, Somerset

A. F. Kersting

'Russell's vipers and small snakes are kept in glass cages in a building, but outside there are three large concrete enclosures, the floor sunk several feet below ground level and the wall rising three or four feet above the ground. Running round the inside of this wall is a water-filled moat two or three feet wide. On the floor of the pit there is a number of concrete shelters, rather like the old-fashioned beehive or skep in shape but much larger, with slots cut at the lower edge. Some of these stand on the ground point upwards, while others lie on their tops like large basins. In the enclosure of the king cobras is a strong cage of wire netting with a heavy lid so that these big, strong reptiles are doubly fenced in.

'When feeding time arrives two of the assistants go into the den, one with a bowl of milk and a glass tube about a foot long. Both men wear high, thick rubber boots but no other form of protection. Very quietly and calmly one man will bend down and seize a krait by the back of the neck, taking its body with the other hand. Holding its head high in the air he will lower it until its tail is on the ground and on this he firmly places his foot. These snakes are usually four to five feet long. Holding the snake extended like a rod, head uppermost, he squeezes until the jaws open, when the man with the milk fills the glass tube and, putting his thumb over the top end to prevent the milk running out, thrusts the tube down the gullet of the snake. He lifts his thumb, the milk runs down into the snake's belly, and the reptile is cast into the moat.

'But this is nothing to the feeding of the cannibal hamadryads, the king cobras. Three people go into the pit for this operation. One man lifts the heavy lid of the wire cage and steps inside amongst a dozen or so of these deadly monsters, anything from ten to twenty-five feet long. Most of them rear their heads and swell out their hoods. Some of them strike viciously. The attendant awaits his opportunity and seizes one firmly by the tail, gives it a shake which puts it off its guard and prevents it striking, then steps out of the cage and lowers the lid so that none of the reptiles may follow and attack him in the rear; as he does so, he drags out the whole length of the writhing serpent. A second man at once seizes it about two-thirds of the way down its body, holding it in a firm grip with both hands, whilst its whole muscular length writhes and struggles. The blunt, ugly head with its terrible eyes menaces its captors, but its jaws are forced open and then the feeding assistant, from a bowl beside him, takes a large lump of raw meat and with forceps a foot long forces the lump into the gullet of the snake. With his spare hand the front-holder, as I will call him, squeezes the lump of meat down the snake's throat and a second, third, and fourth lump of meat are pushed in with forceps in the same way, each one being massaged down towards the belly of the serpent.

'When the venom is extracted, a similar process is gone through, but instead of feeding the snakes the man who is holding them presses the poison glands, and a yellowish, thick liquid runs down the fangs on to a small, shallow glass saucer held in the jaws. Each little saucer is kept separate and carried into the

laboratory of the Institute. Here the poison is heated and the liquid dried off leaving a little crystalline matter in the bottom of each saucer. These crystals are then treated and a tiny portion is injected into the veins of a horse, of which several are kept in the grounds of the Institute. Not sufficient poison is given to harm the horses, who all look well fed, fit, and happy, cropping the grass under the shady trees of the garden. After a time, a certain amount of blood is taken from the veins of the horse, and from this blood the serum is made which saves life.

'BURNS' IN NEW ZEALAND

'I was born in Taranaki, in the North Island of New Zealand', said ARTHUR HIRST, in a talk in the Home Service, 'a province dominated by a solitary mountain as beautiful as any in the world. But there was nothing idyllic about the dense primeval forest which covered the country and which had to be cleared by the settlers before the pasture could be developed. How dense it was can be imagined when I tell that one of our neighbours was lost in it and his skeleton discovered a year later within a mile of his own back door.

'My father had fought in both the Maori wars, and as recompense he was allotted a bush section. He went there with a carpenter, cut the timber on the spot and built a house—an eight-roomed place, with roof of wooden shingles and fireplaces of upright logs with open hearths. All the neighbours' dwellings were built thus, in clearings in the bush. There were no fences dividing the holdings—you had to go by surveyors' marks. The house "clearing" had to be extended gradually: bit by bit, the bush was cut down in the spring, left to dry during the summer, and burnt off in the autumn. Everyone was most interested in "the burn" and prayed for fine weather and hoped for windless days, so that it might be a clean burn and not too dangerous.

'A good deal of danger was always present and the dwellings had to be watched night and day, for the air was full of

sparks and cinders, and wooden buildings were an easy prey to windblown flames. All the settlers helped one another at such times, for all faced the same dangers. During these burns the air was full of blinding smoke. I well recall being sent up a ladder to the roof of our house and sliding along the ridging with buckets of water and a dipper, to douse any sparks or blazing embers from adjacent trees. The biggest trees were not felled, but left standing, and they often took fire—at times it was possible to read a newspaper indoors at night by the light of blazing forest giants. A nearby township was wiped out twice in ten years.

'Immediately the burn was over came the sowing—and the growth of grass in that potash-laden soil was fantastic. In among the charred logs and half-consumed trees the seed was scattered, and when it came up the cattle were turned in and they broke their way into the chaos of fallen wood to gain the lush fodder. Later the charred logs and odd tree trunk were piled together for a subsidiary burn; that was great fun, and we used to roast potatoes in the embers'.



On the snake farm at Bangkok: preparing to collect venom from a banded krait—



—and snake handlers feeding a cobra

'Picture Post' Library

Law in Action

Paternal Provision for Children

By A BARRISTER

NOBODY would call *Shephard v. Cartwright* [1954] 3 W.L.R. 967 a simple case. It took eight days before Harman J. early in 1953, ten days before the Court of Appeal later that year, and six days in the House of Lords at the end of 1954. It involved both the rules of evidence and a number of abstruse doctrines of equity; and the judges differed greatly in their views.

These considerations might be thought to disqualify the case as a subject for discussion except among lawyers; yet, at bottom, the case turned on the outwardly simple question, 'What is a gift?' and, in particular, 'How do you decide whether a father has made a gift to his children when he puts property into their names, but continues to deal with it as his own?' Apart from the specific issues of equity and evidence which arose, the case is a striking illustration of some of the rules which the courts have evolved for dealing with transactions carried out by people who have no real idea of what, in law, they intend to do, or what the legal consequences of their actions will be.

A Father Who Promoted Companies

The facts were a little complicated, but the main issues were clear. In 1929, a father who had promoted a number of companies paid for some of the shares in the companies to be allotted to his three children, then sixteen, twenty-three, and twenty-eight years old. The companies prospered beyond all expectation, and within five years the shares of each child, which originally had been worth a few hundred pounds, were worth £70,000 or £80,000. The father then carried through a scheme of reconstruction of the companies, and got his children to sign powers of attorney giving him wide powers of dealing with their shares and dividends. Large sums of cash were payable to the children under this reconstruction, and these sums were placed by the father in deposit accounts in the children's names. Soon afterwards, at the father's behest, the children signed documents authorising him to draw on those accounts. Before he died, the father had exhausted the accounts, and although some of the money was spent on the children, much of it was not. Throughout, the children had unhesitatingly and without question signed all the documents which their father had put before them, remaining ignorant of the contents.

After the father's death, the children found out what had happened and the trouble began. What was the legal result of these transactions? If the shares were gifts by the father to his children, then his subsequent spending of the proceeds of sale for his own benefit was a wrongful use of property that was not his. His executors were accordingly liable to make good to the children out of the father's estate the losses which their property had suffered. If, on the other hand, the children were mere nominees for the father, and the father had never made any gift to them, then he had merely been dealing with his own property, as he was entitled to do, and the children had no claim. In fact, only two out of the three children made claims against the father's estate; but these claims together amounted to over £100,000, and, if they succeeded, they would leave nothing for any of the beneficiaries under the will. What is more, no death duties would be payable: for the entire estate would be exhausted by the claims. Thus the central issue was simply gift or no gift: but in deciding that, the doctrines of equity came into play, and there was much divergence of judicial opinion.

If there had been any clear evidence of what the intentions of the father and children had been in 1929, the case would never have arisen. But there was not. To the distress of the legal profession—and, I suppose, ultimately to its profit—millions of transactions are carried through every day without the parties concerned having any clear idea of the true nature of the transaction or its legal consequences. A purchase of a box of matches or a ride on a bus gives rise to many legal consequences which, fortunately for our society, nobody troubles about unless something goes wrong. And just because mankind habitually leaves so many loose ends in its daily dealings, the law lays down sets of rules to provide for most of the matters that ought to be regulated. In the same way, the law has developed many sets

of presumptions, and unless there is something to rebut them, they show what intention will be imputed to people who probably had no intentions or thoughts on the point at all.

Before considering how the dispute in *Shephard v. Cartwright* was resolved, we must look, in general terms, at some of these presumptions. Let us suppose that A puts property into the name of B. A may have been the owner of the property himself, or he may have provided the money to buy it from somebody else, but whichever it is, the property stands in B's name, and to the world at large he appears as the owner. However, as between A and B, equity holds that there is a presumption of a resulting trust—a presumption that B, who gave nothing for the property, is intended to hold as trustee for A, the original owner or purchaser. This is not an inflexible rule, but only a presumption; it may be—and often is—rebutted by the circumstances. If A manifests an intention to make a gift to B, then of course the presumption is rebutted, and there is no resulting trust for A; often the small value of the property given, or the surrounding circumstances, will rebut the presumption. But the presumption applies unless there is something to rebut it.

This is strikingly illustrated by a decision in 1935. In *Re Vinogradoff* [1935] W.N. 68, a grandmother had £800 of War Loan, standing in her name, transferred into the joint names of herself and her grand-daughter, then some four years old. In accordance with principle, Farwell J. held that there was a presumption of a resulting trust in favour of the grandmother, so that grandmother and grand-daughter together held the War Loan on trust for the grandmother. One would have thought that the surrounding circumstances would have been enough to rebut the presumption, and show that the grand-daughter was intended to take beneficially and not as a trustee; but this view did not prevail. As James L. J. said in an old case which was not cited, *Fowkes v. Pascoe* (1875) 10 Ch. App. 343 at 348, it is hardly possible to reconcile with mental sanity the theory that the grandmother carried through this transaction with the object of making a young grandchild a trustee for her. Nevertheless, although the principle may have been misapplied in *Re Vinogradoff*, it illustrates the rule: there is a rebuttable presumption of a resulting trust to the person who provides the property or the money to buy it.

The Presumption of Advancement

One very important way of rebutting that presumption is by another presumption, the presumption of advancement. In favour of a limited class of persons, it is presumed that A, who provided the property, intended to make a gift. If A is a husband and B his wife, then A is presumed to wish to advance his wife, and so *prima facie* there is a gift. If A is a father and B his child, again a gift is presumed; and similarly if A is *in loco parentis* to B, as where A takes upon himself the general responsibility for providing for B in life, even though B is not his child; thus a grandfather may be *in loco parentis* to the children of his deceased son. These presumptions do not extend to other relationships, and they do not work the other way round: a husband is presumed to advance his wife, but deplorable though it may seem in days of so-called sex equality, a wife is not presumed to advance her husband. A father (but not, it seems, a mother) is presumed to advance his child, but no child is presumed to advance his parents. And, of course, being presumptions, they are rebuttable: if the father can show that his son was intended to hold the property in trust for him, then a trust there will be. The presumptions settle who has the onus of proof, and how the case will be decided if that onus is not discharged.

But what evidence is admissible to rebut the presumptions? Will the court hear evidence of what the parties did or said at the time of the transactions? Will evidence of what they *subsequently* did or said be admissible? The ancient rule takes a distinction between acts and declarations at the time of the transaction, and what occurs subsequently. All that is said or done at the time of the transaction is admissible, either for or against the party who uttered the words or did the acts: but subsequent declarations or acts are admissible only against

him, and not in his favour. Thus if at the time of the transaction the father, by some words or acts, showed that he was not intending to make a gift, then even though this is in his own favour, evidence of it is admissible to rebut the presumption of advancement. But subsequent words or acts by the father, perhaps a year after the property has been put into the child's name, cannot be used in his favour, though they may be used against him. An assertion that he never intended a gift will be ignored: an admission that he did intend a gift will be accepted. The reason is simple: a father who repents of his generosity must not be allowed to manufacture evidence in his own favour, though there is no reason to exclude what he says or does against his own interests.

We can now turn back to the facts of *Shephard v. Cartwright*. When, in 1929, the father put the shares into the names of his children, the presumption of a resulting trust for the father was rebutted by the presumption of advancement, so that *prima facie* there was a gift to the children. There was no contemporaneous evidence to rebut this presumption of advancement, but there were the subsequent dealings by the father with the shares, in which he treated them as being his in substance, with the children as mere nominees. Was evidence of these subsequent acts by the father admissible in his own favour to rebut the presumption of advancement?

Decision of Court of Appeal

This was one of the crucial issues of the case. At first instance, Harman J. held that there was a distinction between subsequent words and subsequent acts of the father, and that there was nothing to exclude evidence of the father's acts, such as his dealings with the shares, even though these were in his own favour. In all the circumstances he held that the claim of the children failed. The Court of Appeal affirmed this decision, though the members of the Court differed in their reasoning. Denning L. J. agreed with Harman J. that evidence of the father's subsequent acts was admissible in his favour; he regarded the possibility of evidence being manufactured as going merely to the weight of the evidence, and not as excluding it altogether.

Romer L. J., on the other hand, regarded the evidence as being inadmissible: his rejection of the children's claim was based on the distinct ground that what the father had given to the children was not the absolute property in the shares, but merely whatever part of the shares and the proceeds of sale which might happen to remain after the father had finished dealing with them. The Master of the Rolls reached a similar conclusion: in his view what was given to the children was the ownership of the shares, subject to rights of revocation and control in favour of the father, who could thus take back any or all of what he had given. He found it unnecessary to reach a decision on the question of admitting evidence of subsequent acts by the father in his own favour: his sympathies were with Harman J. and Denning L. J., though he recognised the force of the authorities to the contrary. But the decision of Harman J. was affirmed, and the children's claim failed.

Two conceptions, full of possibilities, had thus emerged. First,

there was the distinction between subsequent words and subsequent acts. Second, there was the 'halfway house' between an absolute gift and a resulting trust—the idea that the father might make a gift which would be not a present, absolute, gift of specific property, but a present gift of whatever balance of the property might be found to be left at a future date. Such a gift might indeed have many uses in the wide variety of family circumstances which exist today.

The House of Lords, however, would have none of it. Denning L. J. had stigmatised the claim of the children as being 'monstrous', but the House of Lords unanimously held it to be well-founded. First, the distinction between subsequent words and subsequent acts was rejected; the ancient rule that neither can be admitted in favour of the person uttering or doing them now stands unchallengeable. Second, the 'halfway house' of a qualified gift, or a gift of what happens to be left, was also rejected. It may indeed be possible to achieve such a gift by means of carefully drawn documents, but it seems plain that the courts will not deduce such a gift from uncertain facts. Third, even if all the evidence had been admitted, the House was unable to see how a resulting trust to the father was to be inferred. Why should a father select a child sixteen years old to become trustee of a block of shares for him? It was argued that the father, who was admittedly a man of honour, would not have acted as he did if he had intended a gift: no man of honour, it was said, takes back the gifts he has made and uses the proceeds for his own purposes. Yet not every man of honour is a man of law, and many a business man may, if he is no lawyer, think that he is entitled to revoke an absolute gift to his children, especially when there has been an unexpected and phenomenal increase in the value of the property given.

Thus the claim of the children succeeded: and both the beneficiaries under the will and the Estate Duty Office went empty away. The House of Lords has restored the law to its pristine simplicity; and most of us have—or should have—received an awful warning. It is not that many of us will be able to put such fruitful investments into the names of our children, but simply that unwritten family understandings are treacherous indeed. It is an old saying that many friendships endure until business dealings set in. Nothing can be more disruptive of amity than a transaction with a friend or relation in which everything is left to rest on a mutual understanding. Often the understanding of each party never was quite the same: even if it was, often an initial unity of thought bends to the pressure of events; and although sometimes the bending is conscious, often it is not, so that each party genuinely believes that the other has 'got things wrong'. Nearly anything which is clear-cut and in writing is better than the warmest of good-feelings: indeed, the warmer the affection, the greater the need for precision to avoid the destruction of that affection.

In *Shephard v. Cartwright* one is far from sure that the result was what the father intended: yet while he lived he was indeed Delphic in expressing what his real intentions were. True, the thrust and counter-thrust of presumption and rebuttal finally ended in what most people would regard as a proper result: but think of the legal costs!

—Third Programme

Modern Architecture: the Structural Fallacy

By OVE ARUP

I WANT to discuss here the rather complicated relationship between the structure of buildings and their architecture. There is now a wide range of new structural possibilities through the use of structural steel, of reinforced concrete, pre-stressed concrete, of aluminium alloys, and other materials in all their varying forms. This, together with the advance in engineering knowledge, has enabled us to create structures of an incredible lightness and strength, compared with the old gravity structures. We can soar into the sky and span if not the oceans at least long distances with the greatest of ease, in fact, we can do most things we want to do, if we want them badly enough.

Side by side with this extension of the range of structural possibilities, a gradual change in the processes of production has taken place. Work on the site has been largely mechanised, and more and more building components are being mass-produced in factories. The former aspect of modern building technique has given the architect greater freedom to do what he likes, the latter tends to restrict this freedom in the interests

of standardisation. How are architects responding to this twofold new situation? And how does it affect architecture?

Maxwell Fry, in a talk entitled 'The Architect's Dilemma', went back to the beginnings of modern architecture. It set out, he said, to be

entirely freed from subjection to any style; its only criteria being: carefully analysed function, honestly expressed structure and the demands of applied sociology.

It is significant that this definition contained no mention of aesthetic principles, or of architecture as an art. Indeed the pioneers of the movement, or some of them, thought that if only they attended to the function of a building, and—to quote again from Maxwell Fry—'adopted a structure arising from engineering, and clearly expressing, instead of hiding, its structural function', then beauty would automatically arise, and the result would be Architecture.

The aesthetic programme of the modern movement is hidden away in



Model of Lake Shore Drive Apartments, Chicago, by Mies van der Rohe

an excessive admiration for all things technical, for new structural forms and materials, for making full use of all the latest technical innovations long before they are economically justified, and for the 'honest expression'—whatever that may mean—of the structure. So much enthusiasm for the means of building is suspicious, it shows that there is more in it than meets the eye. And so there is. There has been a revolution—we all know it—in aesthetic sensibility. It started fifty years ago in painting and thereafter permeated all the visual arts; it derived inspiration from primitive art, from the new patterns and images brought to light by scientific investigation and made accessible by modern photography and reproduction techniques; it derived a further impetus from the new structural forms developed by engineers. Through the opening up of these new worlds, we have learnt to see beauty where it did not occur to us to look before.

But modern architecture has still not produced a new architectural language which is universally accepted by our time. Aesthetically we are still in a state of flux, and that is perhaps not a bad thing. We see the romanticism of a Frank Lloyd Wright side by side with the classicism of a Mies van der Rohe. We see the beginnings of a great many different fashions, with *clichés* originated by the great going their round in architectural magazines, and being copied with glee all over the world; but they do not seem to stick, they have not congealed into a new academism. The nearest approach I can find to a common ideology is the frequently expressed conviction that a regeneration of architecture in our new technical age must come through the truthful expression of structure. This sounds attractive enough—especially to an engineer—but what in fact does it mean?

In an ordinary brick building, the walls have a number of things to do—they enclose space, and keep out the weather, they retain heat, insulate against cold and sound, and they also carry the loads from the floors and roof. But in this latter capacity they are only partially employed, and without opening up the floors and finding out which way the timber joists are spanning it is difficult to see which of the walls or parts of them are structurally active. Expression of structure hardly comes into the picture, and yet some very good architecture—Georgian, for instance—has been produced with brick. When the walls are pierced by large window openings, and when they also have to act as buttresses for vaulting or to ensure stability, as in the case of the Gothic cathedrals, we can begin to talk about structural forms and possibly also of the

expression of structure: if structural economy is to be achieved, the enlarged scale and the magnitude of the gravitational forces impose a certain discipline of their own.

Carried to its logical conclusion, Gothic architecture does represent a structural idea: the gravity structure soaring upwards, but pared down to the minimum thickness that will ensure stability. Its forms may approach what I have called the 'organic structure'; in a structure of this type the material is disposed so as to take care of the flow of forces in the most advantageous way. The ideal Gothic forms flow solidly from the ground, where the heaviest loads occur and are attenuated towards the top. The rounded arch, vault, or dome, of masonry or brick, represents a slightly different structural idea, with the emphasis on spanning horizontally rather than soaring upwards. But here we can distinguish between two different approaches. The 'organic structure' of this type would be given the structurally correct form—somewhat approaching a parabola—which would reduce the bending moments and therefore the mass to a minimum, and the thickness of material would at every point be adjusted to the force. Architects have, however, often preferred a simple geometric form; they have turned the arch into a half circle—in former times this was partly due to ignorance, but also because in classical architecture, and in modern architecture with a classical flavour, it is considered an aesthetically more satisfactory form. This kind of disciplined structure we might call 'geometric structure', to indicate that it is modified or purified to fit into a geometric pattern.

Modern structural materials, such as steel and reinforced concrete, have given architects the possibility, with the help of engineers, of creating a number of *new* structural ideas or archetypes, so to speak. There is, for instance, the three-dimensional structural steel grid or frame. Steel, being a purely structural material, cannot be used economically to form floors or walls; in a building it provides only the framework on which the other materials are hung. Being produced by rolling, it is available in uniform sections; for this and other reasons it does not lend itself to the creation of an organic structural pattern in the way of a tree, with tapering branches, but it is very suited to the imposition of geometric discipline. Modern architects have seized this opportunity to create the idea of the ideal structural grid—a three-dimensional rectangular system of lines evenly disposed, of even and as



Interior of the new Coventry Cathedral

small as possible section throughout, and with no disturbing excrescences at the joints, a conception of pure geometry.

Mies van der Rohe especially has struggled hard to give effect to this idea, and that implies of course expressing or showing the structure, otherwise there would be no point in the attempt. In his Lake Shore Apartments in Chicago and some private houses the walls are therefore made of glass, so that the grid itself can be clearly perceived and nothing shall mar the purity of the conception. Then there is reinforced concrete, which can enclose space and—with a little help—keep out the weather, besides providing structural support. The structural carcass of a building in this material may be thought of as a series of horizontal slabs—the floors—supported by a regular grid of columns. The box-frame or eggcrate is another very simple geometric idea characteristic of reinforced concrete construction; it consists of a regular system of vertical and horizontal slabs. Reinforced concrete has also given birth to other structural forms—the cantilever, for instance—like a branch of a tree, strong at its base and tapering outwards; and thin concrete shells, which can take on a great number of shapes and now replace gravity vaulting. Then there are all the various forms of frames, arches, trusses, and girders and there are tent-like constructions based on suspension cables, and the so-called space-frames: three-dimensional triangulated grids, which at present have a vogue in architectural schools far in excess of their importance.

These structural forms are mostly developed by engineers for utilitarian or economic reasons, but they exert a strong fascination on architects, who are apt to react to them in an emotional or intuitive way, seeing them as spacial forms or patterns which are capable of being organised artistically. This can be done either with a bias towards organic, so to speak romantic, forms, or on strictly controlled geometrical and classical lines.

Sometimes architects seize on a characteristic structural feature and use it for purely aesthetic ends where it is neither economically nor structurally justified. This has happened throughout the history of architecture, and there is nothing wrong in that, as long as the aesthetic purpose is acknowledged and achieved. Take, for instance, the hinge, which impels all the forces to meet in a single point. In nature, hinges or joints are used to allow movement, as in the case of an elbow joint. Plants which are stationary have no joints; it would mean an unnecessary weakening of the structure. In structural engineering hinges are introduced for two reasons: to facilitate calculations by making the structural system statically determined, as in the three-hinged arch, and, as in nature, to allow movement—for instance, a settlement of foundations or temperature expansion of a bridge.

But architects love hinges for their own sake. In the new Coventry cathedral, Basil Spence makes the columns carrying the internal canopy taper downwards ending in a kind of ball-bearing; and Saarinen's spectacular, triangular, concrete shell at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology rests on three points, formed as steel hinges. There is no structural or economic reason for this—it is a purely aesthetic device conveying a feeling of crispness and also of a purified structural idea, which may be aesthetically justified in spite of being slightly bogus. Incidentally, the appeal of the hinge or focal point is strikingly revealed in the architectural drawings of Steenberg, when he shows enormous arches and suspension bridges ultimately supported on needle points. As an artist he catches the essence, the aesthetic spirit of engineering structures, and architects have often a similar approach.

The engineer, in accordance with his training and purpose in life,

is trying to find the most economical structure. I mean economical in the means of production. He takes into account available resources and the characteristic manner in which each structural material is produced. This does not necessarily imply the most economical use of material as in the concept of an 'organic structure', although in large-scale structures that concept may be approached. It is not always the aesthetically most satisfactory approach either. Nevertheless it is in the quest for economic ways of solving difficult structural problems that the new and exciting structural forms have been evolved. They generally need a little trimming, a deviation from the strictly most economical solution, to bring out their inherent beauty, which may be of an organic or geometric type in accordance with the materials and methods used. But the point is, that whereas in large-scale and difficult engineering structures, such as bridges, dams, and long spanning roofs, economy and beauty often coincide—or nearly so—if a clear and simple structural idea is logically pursued; it is not at all easy to cash in on this fact in architecture, as architects would dearly love to do.

In our normal multicellular buildings the structure, besides being of an elementary and unexciting kind, is cluttered up with walls, stairs, flues, service-ducts, lift-shafts, and so on, and to submit it to a strict aesthetic discipline and then to expose it sufficiently for it to be understood as a whole, would in most cases require great sacrifices in money and the disregard of other necessary functions. In our climate buildings must have an overcoat and a raincoat, and there is no particular reason why the structure should be left out in the cold. And, internally, we do not want to be reminded of it; it only gets in the way.

Recently, on a tour in the United States of America, I had occasion to show some slides of the new Hallfield Estate in Paddington, by Drake and Lasdun. In this scheme the access balconies and other elements of the façade are used to make a



The Hallfield Estate, Paddington, by Drake and Lasdun

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formal pattern; this pattern, however, bears no relation—or at least does not truthfully express—the structure behind, which is a simple box-frame of reinforced concrete. At Harvard, Chermayeff thought that this was by far the best piece of architecture which had come out of England after the war. But others, at the University of Pennsylvania, and especially at the Illinois Institute of Technology where Mies van der Rohe is in charge, were very scathing in their condemnation of this aimless doodling, which they considered dishonest, fortuitous, and futile. They insisted that the box-frame behind the façade should have been expressed on the outside.

It is difficult to analyse this attitude—it is a mixture of sense and nonsense. As so often happens, means become aims, the expression of the structure, which may admittedly be a means of creating architectural unity (although sometimes an expensive and unnatural way of doing it), becomes an end in itself. This moral streak, which was certainly present in Victorian architecture before it pervaded functionalism, leads to the naive assumption that straightforward, unadorned, economic building will somehow display the quality which is so admired in engineering structures. The fact is, of course, that it requires a major *tour de force* to impose this quality on ordinary buildings, as Mies' Lake Shore Apartments show. Ordinary buildings are much more influenced by building technique proper: by standardisation, mass-production of building elements, and so on.

The expression of structure makes more sense in buildings providing large spaces—factories, exhibition halls, and so on. Here the structural members are often bound to be prominent and have to be organised.

But there should be no moral compulsion about it. Acoustic ceilings, water-proofing insulation and service ducts may make it impractical to reveal the structure, especially if it is of the economical but ordinary, rather than the inspiring, variety. The engineer is probably as keen as the architect to evolve an exciting structural solution, but it is his duty to point out to the architect that the beautiful structure is rarely the same as the economical structure, although in some inspired solutions the two may almost coincide. Yet, in spite of all this, I would count that there is something valuable and right in this architectural approach to structure, and many engineers might do with a dose of it.

Architecture is concerned with 'organising the functional elements so as to create something aesthetically coherent and with a personality of its own', as J. M. Richards put it in a talk entitled 'Architecture Dehumanised'. It is a matter of giving the proper weight to various conflicting claims and creating harmony and order out of chaos. Organising the available material in space means imposing on it some easily recognisable pattern or main motif, creating a simple, if subtle, balance of masses and spaces, tying it together with lines and planes, creating unity by consistency, by limiting the means of expression to a chosen few. Subordinate to the main pattern there may be other patterns, elaboration of detail, but they must not obscure the clarity of the main conception, which acts as a frame of reference, making the whole thing intelligible and obvious at a glance. A certain simplicity, a sense of the unavoidable, of essential rightness is, I think, common to all great art.

A clear, simple and well-proportioned structural system can be

eminently suited to the role of providing this general pattern, this orderly frame of reference. The wish to express it is therefore a very natural one, as long as ethics are not mixed up with it and as long as it is realised that this 'organisation of the functional elements' can just as well, or just as legitimately, be achieved by other means.

The importance of having a simple guiding idea to help in the solution of an architectural problem was brought home to me when in 1946 Clive Entwistle was working on his scheme for the Crystal Palace competition in my office. It contained, as a central feature, a very large pyramid covered entirely in glass-bricks. Le Corbusier, who took a friendly interest in the work of his pupil and worked on the scheme for several days, suggested that the inside of the pyramid should be treated in an organic manner, so to speak, with ceiling heights getting smaller towards the top, and everything else in proportion. He was at the time very full of his modular system of proportions, and he drew a kind of tapering Christmas tree to indicate his conception. Clive disagreed with this: for him this building was a crystal, where every part was like every other part, and floors equidistant throughout, and he stuck, I think rightly, to his conception. The problem could have been approached from a purely functional and structural angle, but both architects felt the need to subordinate this approach to a general principle. This has a bearing on ideologies and theories in general; although it could be argued, as I have done, that they matter less than the amount of artistic effort expended, or the degree of synthesis achieved, they may nevertheless be a help to the creative artist. If so, well and good, but it is the result that matters.—*Third Programme*

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The Terror of History

By PHILIP LEON

OURS are critical times, and the most critical thing about them is the problem of time itself. We can no longer, with simple piety, believe in a divine Accountant who inscribes the cash value of our works and days in 'The Book of Life' and credits them to our account. We cannot, with Plato, take shelter from the winds of time under the lee of eternity, calling time 'the moving image of eternity'. We have finished with eternity; eternity has been dismissed as 'metaphysical nonsense' by our young philosophers, who have not yet had time to 'unpack' any 'sensible meanings' out of it.

We cannot, with some nineteenth-century philosophers, repudiate time, along with some other philosophical nuisances, as 'unreal'. For us, who have so little time for anything, time is the only reality. Time is money, and we pore over its seconds despairingly, as over the items of our bank account. Nor can we, with some other nineteenth-century thinkers, ride confidently upon the tide of time, along with everything else, including a progressive, evolutionary god, towards the goal of progress. Such a conception of time was exploded, largely through high explosives, in the head-on collision between opposing tides of progress in the first and second world wars. Since then especially, most historians, this side of the Iron Curtain at least, have forbidden us to look for any pattern or patterns, any 'dialectic' or plan, any laws or cycles, or any moral, in history. The only lesson that history can teach us, according to them, is that it has no lesson to teach us; the only consolation it can afford us is that the terrifying lessons deduced from it by some people need not be true.

Hence for us, time, both our own private time and public time, or history, can be only the 'sands of time', even when some of the grains have been golden, when we have had a 'good time' or 'eternal' moments, as we should call them if we were not so afraid of those keen watchdogs, our linguistic philosophers.

But for each of us time was when time was not, or at least was not what it is now. That was the time of our childhood. And in default of a divine Accountant, we become our own auditors: we are all Prousts 'in search of time lost'. The last few years have produced a remarkable spate of books dealing with childhood, that period of our life which used to be considered the most insignificant of all, one to be treated, if at all, only facetiously, in the way in which some people still talk to children.

For mankind, as well as for each man, time was when time was not, or at least was not what it is now, when there was no history or at least no 'historical' history, to use 'historical' in Mircea Eliade's sense. Eliade, the Proust of that time, gives us a picture of it in *The Myth of the Eternal Return**, a work of the widest as well as the most discerning scholarship. With its help the reader may voyage, like a super-Ulysses, both in space and time, getting to know, in this matter, 'the mind of many men': from the Fijian Islanders to the Eskimos, from the Sumerians and Chinese to the Mayas.

Eliade's picture shows us both primitive man and pre-modern civilised man living in a paradise defended by a wall of more than triple brass against the terror of time and of history. He refused to take time into himself, to make it conscious time, to accept it as a mode of his existence. He lived in an eternal present, the moment of creation itself, and his 'time' never progressed beyond the primal dawn. All his actions, or at least all his real actions, were imitations or re-enactments of the act of creation; they were that act; they were reproductions of transcendent archetypes; they were always general and never particular; they were not *his*. Thus when paradisaical man married paradisaical woman, what really happened at his wedding was that the sky was united with the earth, or Zeus with Hera, or Tammuz with Ishtar, and what really took place in his bridal bed was the fertilisation of the earth and regeneration of the universe. His marriage was a hierogamy and its consummation a cosmogony. To be sure, both on that occasion and on others, his existence and mode of action differed in some details from those of the sky, or of Zeus. To the extent to which they did so, they were not only unmemorable, they were unmentionable; they were deviational, secular, and so not really real. The more nearly he approached to being royal, and so to being the incarnation of the god himself, the more real his existence was and the more his actions partook of the static being of the heavenly exemplars. If he had any peculiar features, death smoothed these out in the popular memory; it rubbed off all his corners; he was finally regularised and normalised; he was completely realised ('idealised' and made 'unreal', we should say); he was canonised.

On the other hand, the more indistinguishable he was from one of the mere many, the more secular, the less real his existence was; he might even approach to being completely non-existent, in the way in

which, with us, one whose birth has not been registered is non-existent legally. The fullest formulation of the ontology of this paradise is Plato's philosophy.

But the many are many even in a small community, and through them there might creep in time—that is to say, events other than the primal event of creation, aberrations from it, sin. Hence, something had to be done. And it was: time was abolished, or regenerated. This was done, periodically, at the new year and the new moon: the past was wiped out (by means of purifications, fasts, confession, the expulsion of the scapegoat laden with the community's sins, and calamities, and by means of orgies standing for the collapse of old outworn forms into the primordial chaos), and a new heaven and a new earth began. Time coincided once more with the primal moment of creation. The same thing happened, non-periodically, with the erection of each new building, with each sacrifice, and with each marriage and birth. Obviously in such a paradise there could be no history any more than there can be a history of the seasons, or of the risings and settings of the sun.

A Paradise without History

But paradisaic man did not want history; he wanted security, security against the unpredictable and irreversible, against the unique and unclassifiable, above all against unintelligible and irreparable evil and suffering. All evil and suffering were reasonable, since they came from gods who could be reasoned with. No evil could be irremediable since everything would end, no loss could be irretrievable, since everything would begin anew. Salvation and re-birth were as regular as the rising of the sun. So was even resurrection, for the dead come back each new year.

But peoples like the ancient Indians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Mayas, could not wholly sink their lives as peoples in their repetitive and therefore static, timeless rituals. Making civilisations, they made history, and even wrote it. They therefore could not avoid some consciousness of it and had to have some solution for the problem it raises. The solution was as grand as it was simple. The little picture of cyclical time I have just given was kept for the little man, and for everybody for the purpose of little things. But for bigger things, for the lives of whole peoples, for the explanation of history, there was hung alongside of it a vastly enlarged copy of itself. The little year of twelve months became the 'Great Year' of several thousand or several million little years. At the end of it there was universal destruction, by fire or flood or both, and a new creation began; and this was repeated *ad infinitum*. At any time the individual could contract out of time and history altogether, by attaining Nirvana (in India) or by philosophic contemplation (in Greece). As for the lives of peoples, as for history, the worse things were the better, for the simple reason that things had to get worse before they became better, the night had to precede the new dawn and chaos the new creation.

Thus the man of those civilisations could never be scared by the spine-chilling Balfour declaration: 'The energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish.' Ancient man could face that terror and even a more concrete one, the destruction of 'eternal Rome', for example, with some equanimity, because he knew that everything would start afresh. Alternatively, one of his systems of thought, the Iranian, promised him, in one of those conflagrations, eternal salvation for the whole cosmos—a final abolition of time and history.

Paradisaic man is still with and within us. This is so not only because, as Eliade observes, some of his beliefs still survive, in a modified form, amongst many people, but also because, as he does not remark, the fundamental structure of the human mind, from which these beliefs sprang, has not changed even where beliefs have. Most of us, most of the time, still live out only conventions, archetypes or norms (we are 'normal'); we still enact on the visible stage, only generalised, or typical, *personae*, or character-parts, and acknowledge only these as fully real. The real is still identical with the memorable or publicisable, or at least the mentionable; what is not such is thrust into the unconscious and becomes, to that extent, unreal. But what is not mentionable and even memorable with us? As recently as a couple of centuries ago the supreme commemoration, that of tragedy, was reserved for royal or heroic personages and their predicaments. But nowadays one can make a tragedy out of a little girl who has lost her puppy. And is there anything, or any aspect of anything, that may

not get into some biography, history, newspaper, novel, or film? Above all, the psychology of the unconscious has brought into the very foreground of the picture precisely what was relegated as insignificant and unreal.

Hence those of us who go in for thinking, reading, and talking have become imbued, to an unprecedented degree, with respect for the autonomous and inexhaustible importance of everything and of every part of everything, for irreducible particularity; this means, in the last analysis, the particularity of the event or moment; and this respect is precisely the 'historicist' attitude, on its positive side. If we are negative towards generalisations, laws, patterns, lessons, in history, this is because we are afraid they may impair the particular, if only by omission. We object to the moral because it threatens to swallow up the story. This attitude is evidenced not only in the more and more detailed nature of history and in the novel, especially the stream-of-consciousness novel. It looks as if even physics may some day become a collection of the biographies of individual electrons and of the histories of populations of them, of atoms.

Yet the more we try to sound the inexhaustible meaning of the particular the more devoid everything seems to be of any meaning in particular. In Sartrean terminology it is 'absurd' and 'nauseating'. What is the reason for this? The reason is that our attitude is not, as we imagine it to be, a new one, dictated by the facts and adequate to the facts. It is an archaeological fragment. It was the Jew who first drove ancient man out of paradise, thus laying early the foundation for anti-Semitism. It was the Jew who forced him to look facts in the face, among them the fact that what really happened at his wedding was not that the sky was united with the earth, or Zeus with Hera, or Tammuz with Ishtar, but that he, a particular man, was united with a particular woman. But the Jew also enabled him to see that this fact was, or might be, good, certainly interesting or meaningful—on a condition, if it accorded with God's will and had God's blessing. For it was only when qualified in a certain way that the Jew dared to face, and could face, the factuality of fact, the particularity of the particular, the irreducible and irreversible: in a word, history. Only because he experienced it as the manifestation of God, whose operation is unlike that of the revolving seasons, or of an algebraic equation; for God is the God of infinite uniqueness or particularity.

Indeed the uniqueness of the Jewish revelation consists in its being the revelation of uniqueness. The Jew's own time was spent in a dialogue with God, and so became conformed to God's time. In that dialogue no detail can be insignificant. Thus, in Augustine's *Confessions*, just because they are a colloquy with God, the episode of an adolescent prank—robbing an orchard—is by no means trivial, and we wish that he had expanded the few chapters he devotes to it into as many Proustian volumes. If only Augustine had been a Proust, or Proust an Augustine.

Replacing Ritualism by Realism

Moreover, Judaism and Christianity did not abolish the ancient ways of thought; they merely replaced ritualism by realism, and they transposed. Thus, for ritualistic seasonal renewal and re-birth they substituted real regeneration of personality; and the abolition of time and history, a final one, was placed in the future, at 'the end of things'. Nor did they do away with the transcendent sanction for man's action. The sanction is God's plan for man and for the whole creation. This plan, however, is not one that can be mapped out beforehand horoscopically, mathematically, or as in the old cyclical systems. It is one we must have faith in without seeing it.

All this has now gone, at least for the 'historicist' man, who has forgotten that the source and secret of particularity, of factuality, of history, is God. We are left only with the insistence on respect for 'brute' fact, with 'historicism'. We are left with a wreck, round which, 'boundless and bare, The lone and level sands stretch far away'. Who or what shall lead us out of this desert of time or give us more than a dusty answer to all our questioning? Who or what shall deliver us from the body of this death?

Eliade thinks that the only thing that will enable us to support 'the terror of history' is a renewal of the Judaic-Christian faith and inspiration. He may be right.—*Third Programme*

New additions to the Loeb Classical Library are: Cicero: *Rhetorica ad Herennium*, translated by H. Caplan; and Columella: *De Re Rustica*, Vols. II and III, translated by E. S. Forster and E. Heffner (all Heinemann, 15s. each).

Sir Walter Raleigh: Last of the Elizabethans

By A. L. ROWSE

IT might be thought that Sir Winston Churchill has a good claim to be considered the last Elizabethan. For he has certainly exemplified the Elizabethan ideal in the conduct of his life. The Elizabethans were not afraid to be many things at once: they had none of the dreary modern addiction to specialisation. They thought better, not worse, of a man for being a poet as well as a politician, a scientist as well as a lawyer, a good prose-writer as well as sailor or colonial projector or explorer.

No one carried this ideal further or more brilliantly into practice than Sir Walter Raleigh: he was every one of those things together and several more. He represented the ideal of Renaissance man, the man of a real universality of mind, perhaps better than anybody else. In thinking of him one has to keep in mind at one and the same time the 'poet, statesman, courtier, patriot; soldier, sailor, discoverer, colonist; historian, philosopher, chemist; prisoner and visionary'. To some extent, the very richness and diversity of his gifts got in his way; lesser people, who had less to be prodigal with and were more prudent than Raleigh in the conduct of their lives, were more successful in their careers and attained greater power in the state. But their lives do not make such an extraordinary story or exert such a fascination upon us. He is remembered where they are forgotten.

Walter Raleigh was born about four hundred years ago at an Elizabethan farmhouse called Hayes Barton, that still stands unchanged just over the red cliffs of Devon from Budleigh Salterton. In the church at East Budleigh you can see the Raleigh pew, with their coat of arms, where they worshipped. Walk along that deep Devon lane, full of summer flowers and scents, and you will soon come to the house with its gables, at the top of the long garden-path. Upstairs, in the best big bedroom with the oak beams, Raleigh was born.

As a boy he was sent to Oxford, to Oriel—the same college as that other great builder of empire, Cecil Rhodes, went to 300 years later. But Raleigh did not remain there long: he went off to the wars in France; so that he got his training not as a sailor (as Drake did) but as a soldier. When he came back, he became a hanger-on of the Court, a brilliant young man about town, writing poetry, always dressed far beyond his means, flashy and quarrelsome, engaged in several duels like other young sparks at the time. Still no prospects, no outlet for his energies, no money. He went to the wars in Ireland, a soldier of fortune. He got the command of a troop of horse, and as such cut a dashing figure and performed several exploits: he had plenty of physical courage and double most men's vitality.

Then, suddenly, fortune turned and he got his chance. He had been sent over to England with dispatches about the Irish war and came into the Queen's presence to expound them. A contemporary describes what happened:

He had gotten the Queen's ear at a trice, and she began to be taken with his elocution and loved to hear his reasons to her demands. And the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle, which nettled them all. . . . He had in the outward man a good presence in a handsome and

well-compacted person, a strong natural wit and a better judgement, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage.

It was no discommendation that his imaginative mind expressed itself with a strong West Country accent: he 'spake broad Devonshire to his dying day'. It was even more of a recommendation in the eyes of that maiden lady, Elizabeth I, that at the age of thirty he was—rather singularly for those days—unmarried. Raleigh's fortune was made. They hunted together; she played on the virginals to him; they

danced and talked, she fascinated by his daring turns of mind, always original and exciting; he glamourised by the Queen, by the remarkable woman she was, his head somewhat giddy with the prospects of power and wealth opening out before him.

But note the real inwardness of it: it was her way of attaching a promising and able man to the service of the state. She had done it with others, and she would do it with him. The Queen heaped responsibilities upon him; she made him work hard. The state got good service out of Raleigh. She made him Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall—her own personal representative, responsible for defence and military affairs, in that county on the frontier of the Atlantic, in the front-line of the approaching sea war with Spain. At the same time he was made Captain of the Guard, responsible for the Queen's personal security, on guard at the door to her apartments, liable at any time to be called within for counsel or entertainment.

To maintain his dazzling position, the Queen granted him lucrative licences, commercial monopolies, estates. The wealth he obtained from these sources he spent on voyages to plant English colonies in America. But that was what the Queen expected—that his energies and resources should go on public service: it was part of the implied bargain. The Queen herself was closely interested in everything concerning North America. But on Raleigh's imagination it exerted an overwhelming spell: after all, the whole future of the English-speaking peoples in the world depended on who grasped the opportunity to settle the virgin continent.

In all the plans for planting a colony in America, Raleigh had already been closely concerned with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Gilbert had practically ruined himself in the venture, and was drowned in 1583 on his return from the coast of Newfoundland. The moment Raleigh became established in the favour of the Queen, he used his position and newly found resources to carry out Gilbert's design. He sent out a ship to view the coast for a suitable location for the colony: they decided on Roanoke Island, protected behind its barrier of coastal reefs and inland shoals from Spanish intervention.

The Queen herself sanctioned the name of Virginia for the colony. The expedition was led by Raleigh's cousin, Sir Richard Grenville: 100 colonists, all men, went over and planted themselves on Roanoke Island, in what is now North Carolina. It was a most important venture—the first English colony in America. On it were Thomas Cavendish, the second Englishman to circumnavigate the globe; Thomas Hariot,



Sir Walter Raleigh with his son: a portrait dated 1602, by an unknown artist

National Portrait Gallery

Raleigh's close friend and England's foremost scientific brain; and John White, cartographer and painter, earliest of our water-colourists.

The chief problem with these early colonies was to keep them continuously supplied. Raleigh strained every nerve to send out reinforcements. Next year he sent out Grenville with supplies; but he found that the colony, dispirited and worn down by dissensions with the Indians, had chosen to leave the island and return on board Sir Francis Drake's fleet on its way home from the West Indies.

The year after, in 1587, John White took out another colony of some 100 men to go up-country from Roanoke Island to settle on Chesapeake Bay. This was the Lost Colony, for no trace of them was ever found: the probability is that they were killed off on their way through the forest towards Chesapeake. Meanwhile, Grenville was preparing a large expedition to go out and clinch the matter. But it was now 1588: the Spanish Armada was ready to sail: England needed every one of her ships to meet the danger. Grenville was ordered to take his ships round to Plymouth to fight under Drake. It was really the end of Raleigh's hopes for Virginia. He had spent a large fortune on his colonising efforts and had nothing to show for it, except the fashion he set of smoking tobacco from the kind of pipe the Roanoke Indians used, and his introduction of potatoes into Ireland from the seed brought back by his colonists.

At the same time as his hopes for Virginia crumbled, his favour with the Virgin Queen foundered too. While protesting entire devotion to Elizabeth, he was carrying on an intrigue with another Elizabeth, one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, Elizabeth Throgmorton. The Queen expected very high standards in the immediate entourage of her household—standards which lesser mortals, frail creatures, could not always observe; and she was very hard on offenders when she found out. Raleigh denied any intention of marrying the lady in question; but off to the Tower the Queen packed them both. The magnificent favourite was knocked off his perch, ignominiously married in secret, and then consigned to the West Country to enjoy the pleasures of domestic bliss, forbidden to come to Court.

He sought to work his passage back to favour by some signal service. Virginia, which he had laid at the feet of the Queen, had yielded no returns; there was no gold or silver there. He switched his attention from Virginia to Guiana, believing, like the Spaniards, that it would prove to be another Peru. It was the legendary land of El Dorado. He equipped and led an expedition to the Orinoco and got some way up into the interior where there was a rumoured goldmine of fabulous wealth. He could get no farther up the rapids and waterfalls, but he came back determined to try again. For the rest of his life he had a fixation on the 'large and bewtiful Empire of Guiana', where he hoped to forestall the Spaniards by annexing it to the English crown. His effort did help to reinstate him in the Queen's good graces, but she was ageing now and on her death all was to seek again.

The new king, James of Scotland, hated Raleigh and all he stood for

—a forward policy, war with Spain, where James wanted peace. Raleigh had made many enemies in the course of his career, and now he incurred danger to his life by indulging in some ineffectual conspiring against the Scottish succession. This was high treason and he was condemned to death. At the last moment execution was stayed; and, not pardoned, Raleigh spent the next twelve years a prisoner in the Tower, its most famous occupant, one of the sights of London.

He certainly put his time in the Tower to good use: he turned into his university. With his friend, the Wizard Earl of Northumberland, he drew a number of scholars round him, including Hariot, who taught him mathematics. Raleigh was allowed to turn an old shed in the garden into a laboratory, where he conducted his chemical experiments. More important, imprisonment gave him the opportunity to write his greatest work, his *History of the World*: a work of superb eloquence, imagination, and learning. In this book Raleigh took all his knowledge for his province: it gives one his philosophy and his theology, his view of the nature of human society, as well as his history of it. He did not live to complete it: he was anxious to bring out what he had written so far, before departing on his last gamble—one more attempt to find the goldmines of El Dorado.

At length, King James was willing. But Raleigh was to bear all the risk: if he succeeded and found gold, he might win his freedom; if he failed, he would pay the penalty. He had never been pardoned the old sentence for high treason. So, in any event, the last voyage to Guiana was a desperate gamble. It turned out worse: an utter disaster. Raleigh was ill, his men would not allow him to go up-country. The Spaniards were now entrenched, where twenty years before it was unoccupied territory. There was no gold. The Spaniards were attacked in full time of peace. Raleigh's son, Walter, was killed; the father's heart broken.

Raleigh came home to pay the penalty. Spain demanded his execution, and James, humiliated by the fiasco, but unable to face the unpopularity of another trial, meanly had Raleigh executed on the old charge of treason. Meanly, for, in fact, during the long years of his imprisonment, public opinion had changed in his favour. Once the best-hated man in the kingdom, he was now already regarded as the last survivor of the splendid achievements of the Elizabethan Age. At the last, all came clear in this strange, enigmatic man with his chequered life of ups and downs, dazzling heights and despairing downfalls. He turned the scene of his public execution in the crowded space outside Westminster Abbey into a splendid triumph. 'What matter which way the head lies, so the heart be right?' he said to the executioner.

Two West Countrymen watched the solemn spectacle, who neither forgot nor forgave: Sir John Eliot and John Pym—they became the most dangerous enemies the Stuart monarchy could have, architects of parliament's victory in the civil war. It was an almighty revenge for Raleigh.—*Home Service*

Zoo

The turnstile clicks us in; we pause,
Wondering where to begin our visit.
A sign points, To the Monkey House—
With hackneyed jests we make for it.

And marvel at their mimicry
Of all our antics; cheer them as
Their swift and flawless parody
Assembles humankind for us.

Outside we meet an elephant,
Crowned with children, grained with age.
Huge, yet gentle as an infant,
It has learned to check its rage,

Direct its power to peaceful ends,
Bearing the weak upon its back.
The little ones need no defence;
They know the great one won't attack.

The slow insinuating snake,
However, seems to threaten us.
Its subtle creep and sudden strike
Remind us of our consciences

Which tell us that the lion roars
Not to display his vocal powers,
Not to reward his visitors
And earn their plaudits, but because

He thinks if he makes sufficient noise
This barren lair, this leafless cage
May answer with the equator's voice,
The soaring iron sprout foliage.

And the tiger with his convict stripes,
Pacing up and down the bars,
Turns his burning eyes from shapes—
And colours that aren't Africa's—

As we turn, from the lithe gazelles
Confined to hay in the half dark,
Tiptoeing round the tiny cells
Of Dartmoor raised in Regent's Park.

We pass through the great gates that secure
Continents to captivity,
Returning to a jungle where
The wildest beast of all roams free.

PETER APPLETON

Memories of 'The Manchester Guardian'*

By KENNETH ADAM

IN 1930, at the end of my time at Cambridge, I had to choose between a part as a suicidal student in a very Russian play at the Arts Theatre in London, and a job as the most junior leader writer on *The Manchester Guardian*. I am glad I chose the *Guardian*, because the play only ran a week, and because in Manchester I had the privilege of working, in his last days, for the great C. P. Scott. He had just given up the editorship when I joined the paper. He had held it since 1872. He still often came to the office, and I think it is right to say that he still dominated it. He was eighty-four years old.

A Curious Interview

But it was his son Edward, the new editor, whom I met first, in his narrow room next to his father's imposing one. 'E.T.S.', as I later came to think of him, though never to call him, was serious and courteous, a solid man, already greying. He did not seem interested in my references, which were rather good, I thought. He did not want to hear about my doings at Cambridge, rather to my chagrin. But he was interested in the small band of cuttings in front of him, which represented my unsolicited contributions on various theatrical events in Cambridge. He asked questions about Terence Gray, who was running an advanced theatre there, and from that we got on to the German expressionists and the meaning of Pirandello. I thought, as I walked out into Cross Street, what a curious interview, quite unlike those I had had with the Forestry Commission and the L.M.S. Railway. In fact, it was a characteristic one. The Scotts were interested in a man who could write, or showed signs of being able to, and who took a serious interest in subjects he enjoyed.

I got a job, on 'the corridor', which was the name given to the various specialists. I have to call them 'specialists', because *The Manchester Guardian* was chary of titles. The editor was the editor—the conductor of the newspaper. The others assisted him in that work. So, instead of a literary editor, there was someone who 'took books'; instead of a dramatic critic, someone who 'did theatres'; instead of a foreign editor, someone who 'looked after Foreign', and as for 'features', in any time on the *Guardian*, they were still a part of the face.

It was not very long before I met C.P., though I heard his quick, sliding shuffle down the corridor on several nights without being called upon, in either sense. When I was called, it was by messenger, not by telephone. C.P. was 'taking shorts'; that meant his son was writing the long leader, and C.P. was discussing, apportioning, and revising the four or five short leaders. Someone said of him that he never looked back and always forward. And this first meeting seemed to prove it. He looked up from his large, fully occupied, but not untidy desk. His blue eyes were still very keen, under brows that were darker than the snowy hair and spade beard. He wasted little time in preliminaries.

'Ah, good evening, Mr. . . .'

'Adam, sir.'

'Ah, yes, Adam. I hope you will like it here. Now here's something promising. A new development in wireless broadcasting. They propose to add sight to sound. That raises interesting possibilities, don't you think? There won't be many cuttings, I'm afraid. But do your best. By the way, they seem to be calling it "television". Not a nice word. Greek and Latin mixed. Clumsy. You might like to have a dig at that, eh?'

So one of the very first leading articles I wrote for *The Manchester Guardian* was on television, and I am afraid that whatever dig I had at the ugliness of the word had remarkably little effect. I am not even sure, when I think of it, if it was ever published. C.P. had a habit of collecting more 'shorts' than there was room for. It was part of his eager interest in life at all its points. I do remember that my first 'long' was published, however, with three emendations. It was about some civic celebration in Salford, and was, inevitably, called 'No Mean City'. I am surprised I got away with that. The 'corridor' made war on clichés.

I spent a happy, if terrifying, summer and autumn as a twelfth man, substituting for the specialists while they were on holiday. I ran the correspondence column. I arranged the column called 'Miscellany'. I

even 'took books' for a fortnight. And I wrote leaders on such perennial topics as the British Industries Fair, Poland, jay walkers, the county cricket champions, G-men, shortage of coal, trade union troubles, and the decline of tops as toys. All this under the scrutiny and care of W. P. Crozier, who later became editor when E. T. Scott was drowned only a few months after his father's death on New Year's Day 1932. Crozier was a good teacher because he had such a clear mind, and knew exactly what he wanted to say, or be said. He had an utter contempt for sham and conceit in all their forms. He was also very kind. He took the young, unmarried men under his wing, had them to splendid teas and ferocious table tennis in the cellar on Sunday afternoons. He was a considerable classical and biblical scholar, and was devoted to first-class soccer. Again the variety of interests that marks the great journalist. Where he was different from nearly all journalists, however, was in his neatness and tidiness. Once when I was struggling to get change for a bus conductor, he remarked: 'I always put the exact fare in my left hand before I leave the house. It is convenient'. He was forty years with the *Guardian*, and its great moderniser, within the tradition.

During the summer, too, I discovered the other personalities of 'the corridor', and made my first friendships. And occasionally I was asked in to talk with Allan Monkhouse, a legendary figure to me, still adding to his novels and plays. Later, I was to have to notice a new play of his at the Liverpool Playhouse. It was not a good play, and I said so. He subbed the copy himself, passed it untouched, and next day wrote me a note thanking me for my helpful criticism. Before such humility one stood silent.

When the winter came, and holidays were over, E. T. Scott sent for me and said he was doubtful if I was displaying enough knowledge of affairs in my leaders and what did I think? I said I thought he was right. I thought I wanted to know what a Trades Union Congress was like before I wrote a leader on its policy. 'It isn't really necessary', he said. 'Mr. Scott, may I have a chance as a reporter?' He looked surprised. 'Well, I'll speak to Mr. Nicholls about it, but you realise there is quite a . . .', he searched for the word, 'a gap between the corridor and "the room"?' He was telling me that for me it would be a one-way jump. But to 'the room'—the collective noun for the reporters—I went, and laboriously learned shorthand, and the rigours, tedium, excitement, and compensations of a general reporter's life.

Descriptive Reporting

It was a remarkable company in which I found myself. Howard Spring was chief reporter, his literary career still in front of him, his passion for words explicit in every descriptive piece, every music-hall notice he wrote. Descriptive reporting, as opposed to the note-taking kind, was the speciality of 'the room'. Accuracy in your note, freedom in your description: those were the unwritten rules. Once a junior reporter could be trusted, he had the same treatment on a descriptive story as the most senior foreign correspondent. And if there was a discrepancy when his news story was compared with copy from the news agencies, he and not they went in the paper. Other newspapermen were envious. Incidentally, in this field of descriptive reporting, the *Guardian* was first. It is one which every popular newspaper has now invaded, and some have trampled in.

Music halls were, by tradition, the branch of entertainment in which 'the room' specialised. Later, films were given to reporters, too. Here was where fancy had its fling. There were many splendid portraits of performers, often little known, for there was a roguish tendency to ignore the top of the bill and concentrate on the dumb act which opened, or the first-timer. The only trouble was that sometimes they were so esoteric, these notices, that the artist himself, naturally looking for a line to quote—'*The Manchester Guardian* says . . .',—could not understand a word of it. Spring was a great dab at music halls. Once, on night duty, I went into the little room where he had been writing. The floor was littered with sheets of paper headed: 'Hippodrome: At the Manchester Hippodrome tonight . . .', and no more. This prodigal use of paper helped him to formulate jewelled phrases in his mind.

* The centenary of *The Manchester Guardian* as a daily newspaper took place on July 2

When the preliminary scattering had taken place, the fine, firm writing flowed over the paper like a brook.

Donald Boyd, twice a colleague—he, too, joined the B.B.C. later—was Spring's deputy. I stood in great awe of them both. They were the self-appointed custodians of style. I shall never forget my reddening shame when I came in on a Tuesday morning at midday to find them discussing with splendid scorn a phrase in which, promoted to a minor music hall, I had said that 'we were endeared to Mr. So and So last night', when of course I meant that 'Mr. So and So had endeared himself to us'. How the night sub. missed it I never dared to ask him. How good this constant, exacting discipline of language was, and how rare today.

Who else was there in this highly self-contained community to which you had to serve an apprenticeship—the entry point being the day when you were, casually, asked to join in a game of dominoes at the café off Deansgate? I remember Hugh Massingham, another novelist-to-be, another stylist. Robert Kemp, with whom I shared digs, a soft-voiced Aberdeen Scot who was eventually to return over the Border. Paddy Monkhouse, son of Allan, now one of the paper's most important stanchions, who had an enviable sideline in writing books about walking, or 'hiking', as we called it then. Leach, with his pink face and his white halo and his hay fever, who combined an unlikely expertise in the cotton exchange and in gardening, with a lovable readiness to help his fellows to acquire his simple, triumphant philosophy of life. Wrigley, thin, spare, and mercurial, whom all three parties in the city council trusted, lover of great argument, on any topic, for any length of time. I speak of these men by name on this occasion because it was typical of the *Guardian* to be wealthy in reporters of character, who for the most part remained anonymous. I was proud when I was admitted to their company.

One thing I confess I found lacking in them, and that was an enthusiasm for sport which matched my own. Probably mine was inordinate. Anyway, it did not matter. It was so easy to sit on a stool in a neighbouring restaurant with Neville Cardus, and watch him demonstrate with a fork how Ernest Tyldesley had got his century by lofting the ball safely over long-on's head.

And so I remember affectionately, twenty-odd years later, how, having served my time with fires in Cornbrook and car-smashes in Cheetham Hill, with night calls to Roby Street hospital ward, I graduated to floods in Shropshire and drought in Durham, grouse shooting behind Buxton, and 'Gracie' coming back to sing for her

Rochdale folk in the slump. I remember the nights I spent on ha benches in ramshackle halls on both sides of the Pennines where a little theatres, paid and unpaid, did plays which were bold and brave and the *Guardian* was there because it did not want to believe the spirit of Miss Horniman's Gaiety was dead.

I do not want you to think I am suggesting that everybody liked it, and, even on this occasion, I am not going to pretend that to say you came from the *Guardian* opened all doors and mouths; but it helped, oh, yes, it helped, because they knew, 'they' being the people who had to talk, that they could expect a fair report—even if they were to be protectionist, and addicted to blood sports, betting, and circuses with performing animals! I end with C. P. Scott's own words:

The voice of opponents no less than that of friends has a right to be heard. Comment also is subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank. It is even better to be fair.

—North of England Home Service

The *Daily Telegraph* celebrated its centenary on June 29. Mr. Michael Berry then wrote:

Varied are the motives for starting newspapers. The motive for the original *Daily Telegraph* was as bizarre as any. A retired colonel by the name of Sleigh had conceived a grudge—there is no record of the cause—against the Duke of Cambridge in his military capacity. The Duke took no hurt from the colonel's denunciations and shortly afterwards became Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

Sleigh, on the other hand, prospered less well, and after three months surrendered the paper to his printer, whose bill he could not pay. He was heard of no more.

The printer had had no experience of newspapers but he possessed a son, Edward Lawson, later the first Lord Burnham, who must rank with the greatest journalists of any age.

To mark the anniversary *The Daily Telegraph* has published a 'new kind of history book', called *100 Years in Pictures*. One or more pictures illustrate events of interest in each year and are described by contemporary eye-witness reports printed in the newspaper at the time. The opening picture is a drawing of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea in 1856 and the last is a photograph of the first atom-powered submarine, launched this year. This ninety-six-page magazine is obtainable for the cost of postage only (3½d.) from *The Daily Telegraph*, 1, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Private Report—V

Our Representative

By DONALD BOYD

I AM, or have been, a newspaper man. If I had to choose again now I do not know whether I would take to the newspaper life so readily. I hope I would. It is the state of today's newspapers that would make me a little doubtful. Newspapers change, and I am not sure that the total change has been good, and has been good for the reporter. In some ways he has changed, too.

Within living memory the newspaper reporter owned a silk hat and a frock coat, and he would wear them on suitable occasions. He would use them for a wedding or a funeral arranged for the gentry, the important, or the rich, and would stand in a half-conspicuous position in the porch or the path holding the silk hat with its mouth open, and hope that the hint would be enough to secure a shower of engraved visiting cards from which he could compile a list of those present. (I have been mistaken for a mute myself—but I was wearing a bowler.) This is the gentlemanly way to do it. The ungentlemanly way is to ask each person for a name and a relationship, and write them hastily in a notebook and get the spelling wrong, or mix them up. Either way someone is certain to be left out, and will feel insulted.

The reporter is not much, socially, in England. I do not know how he stands in Scotland. The Welsh, who have a more conscious poetic sense than the English, and seem to have less snobbery, do not think a reporter is inevitably degraded, fit to be snubbed, trodden on, or oiled. The Welsh realise that a reporter may be a bard. They know he commands words, however clumsily, and that in the beginning was the word.

Some boys start off in life with a clear idea of the future they plan for themselves, and more often than not they achieve it. They do not necessarily live happily ever after. Most of us just hope. If we hope long enough in the right direction, and struggle, we, too, have a chance to achieve something of our ambition. I wanted to live and to write; and it seemed that the most likely way to learn how to write, and earn my living at the same time, was to join the staff of a newspaper. At any rate, I did earn a living, but as for the writing—from the very beginning I found it difficult. It tormented me. Forests of timber have been destroyed by my mistakes, and miles of rags. For, like many other young hopefuls, I have not always been content to write on cheap paper made of woodpulp. There are moments when you feel you could write—well, beautifully—if only you had superfine paper, a splendid desk, a quill pen and Chinese ink, all set out in a noble room. True and splendid words will drop golden on to the page. Probably they will not drop fast, but they will be permanent. This idea does not work.

The torment is the enduring thing, whether you are attempting a piece of imperishable prose, or a paragraph about a bazaar held at the Sunday school at Bog End (population 210), and it begins at the beginning and it goes on. It began for me when my father paid £2 to the editor of our local *Observer*, so that I should become a premium pupil and suffer under supervision. But it had not occurred to me that the suffering was a merit. Only a few years ago I was astounded to learn that the agonies I displayed, in the dusty cupboard which was

the reporters' room, were now held up as an example to the present generation of young reporters, and that they were actually being encouraged by tales of the number of sheets I had destroyed, my slowness and agitation. Put it on the lowest level, I suppose it is encouraging to hear that someone who failed so often still managed to subsist. And I am sure that any young man now working in that office will have guides as patient and sympathetic as mine, and will be able to run joyfully, on publishing day, to the baker's to bring back a bag of hot pies fresh from the oven, dripping with gravy, to make a feast which celebrates the end of the week's warfare—the paper is out.

For this is the nature of the newspaper. This is how the ambition differs from the ambition of the scheming boy who aims at position. The greater reward is in the work, not the wage.

In those days there were two main articles of faith. One was that the only good training for a newspaper man was to work for a local weekly newspaper. The other was that the man who can write a paragraph can write anything. It is just as easy to say that they are true as that they are not. Broadly, they are true.

Miss Pidgett's Verses

It was good to be on my *Observer*. At that time it was slowly changing itself. We had then a poet at call. Let us say her name was Isabella Mary Pidgett. She wrote verses for the obituary column. Anyone who wished might order some verses, half-a-crown's worth or five shillings' worth, perhaps. Miss Pidgett had been writing these verses for many years and had a reputation. Readers would cut the verses out and keep them. About this time someone asked for a substantial poem with a Christian name in it if possible; I think that cost a little more. It was done and printed, but soon there came a complaint; the verses had been printed before, some years ago. I was instructed to check the complaint and call on the poet, and I went to see her with a poor roll of manuscripts under my arm. She was a gaunt and hairy old lady living in an old and shabby house in the country. It seemed to have a strong poetic effluvia about it. It was as if I were calling on Emily Dickinson. It seemed to me an outrage, and Miss Pidgett thought so, too. It was not easy to come to the point of the visit, for in those days maiden ladies who were poets and artists kept inspiration and business as far apart as possible. We came, in the end, to an agreement; that she had remembered unconsciously her earlier verses, because they were unusually eloquent and touching, and they came into her mind unbidden on this present sad occasion.

I am afraid this did not save Miss Pidgett. We had no more obituary verses. I suppose the real point was that the revenue from the space occupied by the verses was not worth the space itself, which could be used more profitably for something else. This was perhaps a foreshadowing of other larger changes which have overcome all newspapers in our time. But though it seemed unfair to the poet, my horizon was not reduced. As I saw it (and as I see it still) the occupation of writing is the most difficult of all the crafts. It occupied all the room there was between Shakespeare and my stool in the reporters' cupboard, and that was space enough. The man who can write a paragraph can write anything, I said to myself, tearing up a handful of paper, and turned to my awful shorthand again. I was alarmed when a councillor stopped me in the street on market day. 'A said a lot of daft rubbish at last council meeting', he said. 'You left it out. Someone's been telling tales to my family and mekin game of me; but I can feeace 'em, now a've got t'*Observer*. They cannot answer that back. It wer a much better speech than I thowt. You did a tidy job'. And I saw it was a reward.

Finding the 'Essence'

For the reporter—your reporter and mine—has a charge laid on him. He must discover the essence of what is said or done, and represent it in its setting in a form which is neat, compact, and precise. It is his necessity to believe that nothing human can be strange to him; and though the bazaar at Bog End looks pretty dreary, he must believe in the human beings who made it happen and find out why they did, and how they did, and when. And not only this: it naturally was not only this immediate problem. At that time we knew something about brilliant correspondents, like de Blowitz who smuggled the Treaty of Berlin in a silk hat; Russell, correspondent in the Crimea; George Augustus Sala, the perfecter of telegraphese; G. W. E. Stevens, whose writing was more vivid, immediate, and easy-seeming than any

journalist of his time; fiery pamphleteers as virtuous and as different as W. T. Stead and Robert Blatchford. We could claim Chesterton, Belloc, Shaw, and Kipling as journalists; and Saintsbury, Gosse, and Desmond MacCarthy; and a whole constellation in Manchester, including C. E. Montague. If you looked that high and that wide there was scarcely any limit to what you could do.

They were redoubtable men, these, whom we hoped to follow. But the recitation of their names is a little sad; for they are gone; and have they successors? Or will our newspapers make successors for them? It is the natural history of newspapers that at times they should swallow each other; what is unnatural about the process is that they swallow each other up and yet get no bigger. Indeed, we have seen them get smaller.

My *Observer* contained within it a *Times*, a *Free Press*, a *Gazette*, a *Courier*, a *Guardian*, and a *Standard*, and it carried several of these titles on its front page as though it had not finished wiping its mouth after the meal. During the last fifty years this swallowing process has continued all over the country. The population has grown but the number of newspapers is less. Circulation is bigger, choice is smaller, and the amount of material offered is smaller, too. Newsprint is dear and has been severely restricted. There is a shortening of space in the news columns. My predecessor with the silk hat and frock coat would not have blenched at an order for two-and-a-half columns of small type—say 4,000 words. In my day 1,500 was about the limit. Nowadays half that is generous in most papers. Nor are the newspapers able to offer, even to their most favoured contributors, the amount of room habitual thirty or forty years ago. Chesterton in our day could scarcely expect to have printed in a newspaper many of those glorious exciting essays which once filled a column of *The Daily News*, and he would be hard put to it to make a comfortable living from daily journalism. The tendency is for newspapers to hire, as members of the staff, men and women who can be used as special writers, journalists of opinion. But it is clear, too, that opinion hired by a firm is not likely to be wholly independent of the hirer. At worst a newspaper may be uncommonly like one of those transparent bags of sweets: the sweets certainly are of different colours, but the stuff and the taste are the same.

Less Variety of Style and Opinion

We have a newspaper world which is more closely controlled, more responsible; but it is less interesting in variety of style and opinion. Lack of space tends to make news treatment and the treatment of opinion bleaker and less human. The essayists now are to be found not in the newspapers so much as in radio. But we must have our newspaper, and the newspaper must have its skilled writers, its correspondents, its reporters, who will translate the world of action and events into the brief and living chronicle of the time. So I am not too worried about the young reporter. Armed with infinite hope and insatiable curiosity, he will find his way through; and it will not do him harm if he should hear over his shoulder the ghostly admonitions of the frock coat and silk hat who believed in the dignity of the craft. If it was with a touch of absurdity, the belief was genuine and honourable.—*Home Service*

Delay

I wait; the garden waits;
Yet still you tarry.
They've cut our field of grass,
Sweet hay to carry.
The world is full of leaves
And green corn growing;
On hedges elder-deep
Wild roses blowing.
The netted strawberries droop,
Ripe cherries dwindle,
The poppies' crimson blaze
No buds rekindle.
Your foxglove bells each day
Climb rungs of glory;
Yet soon they'll mount the height
That ends their story.

CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT

NEWS DIARY

June 29-July 5

Wednesday, June 29

T.U.C. General Council decides that there is no justification for continuing the dock strike

Report of Monopolies Commission on collective trade practices is published

President Eisenhower discusses aims of Geneva Conference

Thursday, June 30

Government invites Greece and Turkey to a conference on political and defence questions in eastern Mediterranean including Cyprus

Federal German Government replies to Soviet Note proposing restoration of normal relations

Agreement is reached on new mileage payments for footplatemen on British railways

Friday, July 1

President of stevedores union says dockers on strike have been told to return to work

Archbishop Makarios, head of Greek Orthodox Church in Cyprus, publishes a statement about the British Government's invitation to Greece and Turkey to discuss eastern Mediterranean questions

Saturday, July 2

Minister of Labour gives a warning about the serious effect of strikes on the export trade

Mr. Nehru addresses a meeting of parliament in Yugoslavia

Minister of Fuel and Power says that coal and oil must be regarded as the allies of nuclear power

Sunday, July 3

Foreign Secretary arrives in Strasbourg to attend meeting of Council of Europe

Leaders of Roman Catholic Church in Argentina have talks with members of Government in Buenos Aires

Jet aircraft take part in Soviet Union's Aviation Day celebrations

Monday, July 4

Royal naval base at Simonstown to be transferred to South African control

Commons debate road traffic bill

Dock strikers return to work in all ports

Tuesday, July 5

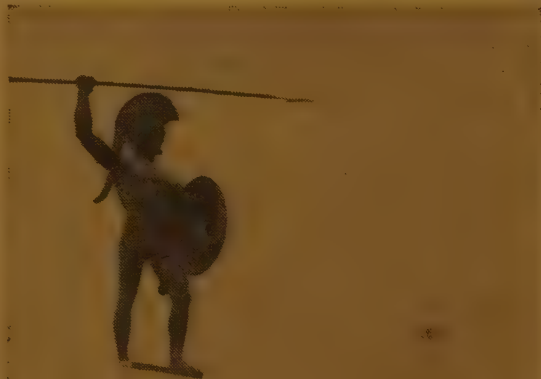
Minister of Transport describes plan for new roads

Chairman of National Coal Board speaks of the industry's responsibilities at annual meeting of National Union of Mineworkers

Further terrorist outbreaks take place in Algeria



On their return from Norway on June 28 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh took up residence in the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, and spent a week carrying out a full programme of engagements in Scotland. The photograph shows the ceremony held in the grounds of the Palace of Holyroodhouse on June 30 when the Queen presented a standard to 603 (City of Edinburgh) Squadron of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force, of which she is Honorary Air Commodore. Last Saturday, after the Queen and the Duke had spent the day touring burghs in east Stirlingshire and West Lothian, they watched country and Highland dancing in the forecourt of the Palace of Holyroodhouse

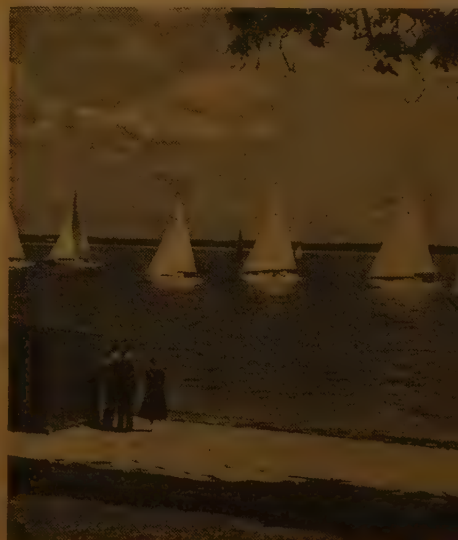


King Paul of Greece (right) saluting after he had unveiled at Thermopylae on June 30 a memorial to Leonidas and the 300 Spartans who fell there defending the pass against the 300,000 warriors of Xerxes in 480 B.C. Beneath the statue of Leonidas are friezes depicting scenes from the battle

Right: yachts taking part in the 'Round the Island' races (organised by the Island Sailing Club, Cowes) last Saturday. There was a record number of 158 entries



The finish of the Grand Challenge Cup, between the Vancouver Rowing Club, Canada, at half third of a length. Three other lead





The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leaving St. Michael's Church, Linlithgow, during their visit to the ancient county town on July 2. The church (founded in the twelfth century) is considered one of the finest parish churches in Scotland



Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, being welcomed on his arrival in Belgrade on June 30 for a week's official visit. In the group are Marshal Tito and his wife, and on the extreme right, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Mr. Nehru's daughter. On July 1 Mr. Nehru received the freedom of Belgrade



University of Pennsylvania (U.S.A.) and Maryland, Pennsylvania (left) won by a narrow margin. The regatta went to Russia



This year's singles champions at Wimbledon: Louise Brough (U.S.A.) who beat her compatriot Mrs. Fleitz; and Tony Trabert (U.S.A.) who beat K. Nielsen (Denmark). Right: Angela Mortimer and Ann Shilcock, the first British pair to win the ladies' doubles since 1936

Celebrations were held last weekend to mark the jubilee of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. In this photograph Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, Third Sea Lord, is seen taking the salute at the march past





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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Law and Order

Sir,—I am immensely obliged to my very learned friend Mr. Megarry for his kindly suggestions for improving my talk. I take grateful note of the fact that my copy of *Salmond on Torts* contains a misprint (page 11 for page 1) in its footnote reference to *Lemmon v. Webb* on page 219. It was also kind of him to inform listeners of a detail I thought it kinder to spare the lay ear, that the report of that case is in Volume 3 of the Reports for 1894. But I fail to see that this omission constitutes 'a minor error'. If Mr. Megarry really thinks it does, I apologise.

So much for his corrections of me. Now for my corrections of him. It was naughty of Mr. Megarry to say that *Lemmon v. Webb* was 'a case on nuisance, not trespass', when the issue was the question which it was, and that it concerned 'the removal of overhanging branches of trees, and not the spread of roots'. *Salmond* said it was both, and may again be wrong, but I took the liberty in the interests of time of lopping off the branches. Had I been talking about nuisance and trespass I should have checked *Salmond* and found the latest law on the subject, but, as I explained to listeners, my purpose merely was to take at random from one of my old law books the names of two families mentioned in it whose martyrdom in the cause of legal learning vexed me 'when I was a law student'.

Mr. Megarry is again generous in allowing me my apocryphal tail-piece to *Donaghue v. Stevenson*, recognising that human frailty being what it is barristers will continue to relate that anecdote (that there never was a creature in the bottle) regardless of its strict inaccuracy; and I am glad to be taught that the mythical animal was a snail and not a beetle, though I am wondering whether this fact brought any comfort to the plaintiff.

In order to convict me of inconsistency in my combining the admission that the law as a whole is more than a single mind can master, with the warning to over-ingenious persons that it is none the less very often common sense, Mr. Megarry has to force upon my colloquial phrase 'nine cases out of ten' a literal meaning. I will apologise for using that *cliché*, if he will, too, for abusing it. I do not dispute the fact that 'thousands of solicitors make their wills without consulting their clerks'. The fact remains that I have seen it done, and deem it wise. I also agree, of course, that 'thousands of Opinions are written advising that the other side is right'. But thousands do not, and if they did not there would be very little litigation—and, of course, it was about disputes in court that I was talking.

Mr. Megarry concedes that 'the taxing masters are indeed concerned to see that the loser pays only the winner's reasonable costs', but this implies that the winner will pay the difference, and it may absorb his damages; I have seen it happen. I cannot therefore be wrong in saying that it is the job of the taxing master to see that it does, when what Mr. Megarry calls 'luxuries and excesses of caution' have been indulged in on both sides.

It was not easy to cram into a single sentence in my talk an adequate picture of the cumbersome system of legal aid—one cannot help thinking it is framed to daunt the applicant—

and since heavy contributions are levied on anybody above the destitution line (e.g., £65 for a divorce costing £70) I adhere to my statement that only the destitute can qualify for any tangible benefit it offers. Barristers tend to admire the law on paper; but a solicitor who listened has commended this part of my talk as one of the best bits in it, and most needed to be said.

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Megarry is content to fire at my assertion that in medieval times the judges were paid no salaries the single sentence from Holdsworth, 'From the first they were paid salaries by the Crown', when on the very same page that learned author says 'In the twelfth century judges do not appear to have had regular salaries'. Granting that this is an ambiguous sentence, what of its predecessor? 'From the first' is vague, to say the least. Most of Henry III's judges were clerics—Bracton was an archdeacon, Pateshall a dean, Raleigh a bishop. My assertion that 'to ensure their integrity they were not paid salaries' was not facetious but expressed a seriously held opinion in those times that public duty required literal disinterestedness. I merely thought that the keeping of the fines—a fact Mr. Megarry has to admit—was amusingly incongruous with that laudable view.

My statement is surely true that most Chancery judges do not visit police courts, save to answer for a motoring offence—for of course it was only motoring offences that I had in mind when I spoke of them as seldom seeing the inside of those courts 'except from the dock'; and if my remark has really given offence I am abashed. I think perhaps the instigator of my offence, if any, in that regard, was Mr. Megarry himself, since it was for the sake only of strict veracity—fearing that a Megarry might be at my heels—that I added those words 'except from the dock', for the reasons now explained.

Mr. Megarry is right that my talk was a serious one—the fun was supplied by the lawyers, not by me. The talk was philosophical in purpose, the nature and function of law; and I took English law, as well as Jewish and Roman, only to illustrate my thesis. The only safe course for the reader in assessing the worth of the talk is to accept nothing in Mr. Megarry's letter on trust. The lawyers will doubtless appreciate the protection afforded by Mr. Megarry's smoke screen of erudition; while laymen will know what to think—and they may well think of Beckmesser in Wagner's 'Die Meistersinger', who never heard Walther's 'Trial Song' at all; he was too busy marking the faults.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

BERTRAM HENSON

The New Babylon

Sir,—I read with great interest 'The New Babylon' by Professor Geoffrey Barraclough in THE LISTENER of June 9, as I have been living in Berlin for more than fifty years.

We Germans no more have religion of work than other peoples that are highly industrialised; but as Germany is overpopulated we must work harder than other peoples to get the food to maintain our lives. Had we the territory of France, Russia, U.S.A., or the colonies of Great Britain, we should be very lazy.

We have as much respect for historical tradi-

tions as other peoples, but the Treaty of Versailles and the orders of four different allies after 1945 forced us to abandon our own traditions. Today it is impossible for the man in the street to know which of the decisions altering the structure of our state are German and which are American, British, French, or Russian: so many discussions are kept secret.

Every visitor to England will find houses 'in straight lines and closed ranks' in London, and even in fashionable cities like Brighton. The reason for this uniformity is economic; if every house had to be designed separately, there would be only a few people who could afford them.

Economy dictated also the building of barrack tenements, in Germany earlier than in other countries. Why did London begin to erect barrack tenements called flats after 1920? Did you ever read that England was on the way to militarism because flats shot up like mushrooms? I am astonished to hear that Charlottenburg and Dahlem owe their existence to the stimulus aroused by the division of Berlin; in reality these districts, which we call *Bezirke*, were erected before 1914. As 'snug' I should only recognise Dahlem and Frohnau, which the author of 'The New Babylon' seems not to have seen, as it lies in the French sector.

It is a commonplace that architectural ugliness characterises all industrial towns; it is only in the twentieth century that the owners of factories began thinking of architecture when planning. Commercial enterprises which built houses in the main streets of old cities seldom thought of architecture. Examples can be seen all over the world, and even in England. Is the Strand, in London, free from architectural ugliness? Is Oxford Street? Do the buildings of Trafalgar Square harmonise? Did the builders of the warehouses in the old streets of Brighton think of the Regency style? So Berlin is no exception to the rule, and nobody ought to wonder at this fact.

The Central Library at the Halle Gate is not of German design. The money and the books came from America, and our architects made some designs in order to contribute what they could, so that at least a little part of the work could be called German. But the Americans rejected all the German designs and presented one of their own, which we had to accept. The nickname the people of Berlin gave this building, and which is known to the author of 'The New Babylon', shows what we think of the so-called beauty. We people of Berlin think, when looking at this building, of a German proverb, which says: 'You must not look a gift horse in the mouth'.

We cannot deny that the parliament house at Bonn is a functional building, and we can only say that this is the style of the twentieth century all over the world, even in England. Does the L.C.C. Festival Hall near Waterloo Station harmonise with the older buildings of London? Who sees uniformity of style when looking at this hall and St. Paul's Cathedral from Westminster Bridge? I certainly do not, and I know Englishmen who are of the same opinion. Why did the owners of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon choose the functional style of the twentieth century when the old building burnt down? Where is the tradition linking this new theatre with the Tudor houses of this country town?



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Recently it was the Mediterranean—when a Rank Group film unit sailed to Athens and Alexandria to shoot scenes for *DOCTOR AT SEA*, produced by the team who made the record-breaking *DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE*.

ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (*WEST OF ZANZIBAR*), Ceylon (*THE PURPLE PLAIN*, *THE PLANTER'S WIFE* and *THE BEACH-COMBER*), Italy (*ROMEO AND JULIET*) and New Zealand (*THE SEEKERS*).

Films like these were made to fit into a particular pattern—a pattern of Rank Group policy whose purpose is first and foremost to entertain; then, through that entertainment, to make clear the ways of man to man and nation to nation. Not only to show the world something of the British way of life, but also to show life in other countries to filmgoers in Britain.

TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

These films are box-office successes in Britain and excellent currency-earners overseas, especially in the countries where they are made. The benefit, however, is mutual. Wherever a Rank Group film unit works overseas, it indirectly helps the places it visits by spotlighting the attention of the world upon them. And it helps them directly by employing local people and supporting local trade.

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation gives pleasure to millions the world over by providing the finest and richest entertainment possible. Filming 'on location' plays a most important part in the plans of a company whose resources are world-wide and can ensure for British films a fair showing overseas.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

I agree with the author of 'The New Babylon' that the houses of the Stalin-Allee, which the west-Berliners continue to call Frankfurter Allee, show uniformity, but we know also that these are buildings for members of the Communist Party, whereas the non-members in the side streets lack every comfort, and this thought mars the best of views. Moreover, one can see similar streets in other towns, e.g., in Paris, and also in Brighton and in Bath.

I think I have shown that all the features which are said to be characteristic of Berlin and Germany are in reality international; if we dare to ascribe them to a certain temper or character, instability is not only German but also inherent in all peoples belonging to western civilisation. I should have no objection if the author of 'The New Babylon' complained of this instability, but I cannot agree that we Germans suffer from other nations in this respect.

Yours, etc.,
RUDOLF SCHNEIDER

Berlin-Marienfelde

Gladstone the European

Sir,—Mr. Paul Popovic can find Gladstone's championship of the south-eastern countries created by R. W. Seton-Watson in *Disraeli, Gladstone, and the Eastern Question* (Macmillan, 1935).

When next he visits Britain, Mr. Popovic should make a pilgrimage to Hawarden. Here, on the wall of St. Deiniol's Library, hangs a silver wreath presented by the Bulgarian people. The parish church possesses a chalice given in 1894 'by the Armenians of London and Paris on the 84th anniversary of W.E.G. whose loving service on behalf of the persecuted Christians in Turkey they desire humbly and gratefully to acknowledge'.

Three and a half years later, Gladstone's body lay in state in Westminster Hall. Before the coffin was sealed, a jewelled Armenian gold cross was placed inside it—the gift of the afflicted Church which Gladstone had helped in his extreme old age.

Yours, etc.,

Hawarden

DAVID C. RUTTER

Sub-Warden, St. Deiniol's Library.

The Poetic Process

Sir,—In spite of Professor Auden's poetic licence (*THE LISTENER*, June 23), a French poet cannot write:

*Le monde
est ronde.*

It may be meaningful but it is ungrammatical. A masculine noun cannot be qualified by a feminine adjective, not even for the sake of rhyme; and if the offending 'e' is removed from the last word, the rhyme is lost. The French poet could write

*Le monde
abonde.*

but he would need to make it meaningful by adding, perhaps,

*en faux
dévois.*

Or he might prefer to say

*La terre
est mère.*

and could then expect an echo from Oxford,

*The earth
gives birth,*

which is certainly not nonsense.

—Yours, etc.,

Yeovil

L. E. REES

Round the London Art Galleries

Sir,—I followed Mr. Quentin Bell's advice (*THE LISTENER*, June 30) and went to see the nudes at South Kensington. A waste of time. Most of them are examples of corrupt academicism. An exception might be made of the vigorous drawings of Gaudier Bzreska and Barbara Hepworth, and these, significantly, are artists who have been engaged in the 'trivial employment' of abstract art.—Yours, etc.,

York

HERBERT READ

Wittgenstein

Sir,—Not only philosophers must have read with interest Professor Britton's illuminating talk, in *THE LISTENER* of June 16, on the late Dr. Ludwig Wittgenstein. Professor Britton, however, left out a sentence of some interest that appeared in an article by him on the same theme. Speaking of Wittgenstein's admiration for Bismarck, Professor Britton continued: 'I

remember that he told me a story of how Bismarck sent emissaries to Paris who managed to get hold of the newspapers that were then circulating on pretence of wanting paper for the lavatory'. 'Only Bismarck', Dr. Wittgenstein declared, 'would have thought of that trick'.

It may appear a wanton act to offer in your columns to the eye what the Third Programme appears to have denied to the ear. Nevertheless this reason for admiring Bismarck does seem to me to reveal the kind of comprehension of statesmanship, politics, and history one would expect to find among some of those who like to be considered Dr. Wittgenstein's heirs and disciples and, therefore, to illustrate very well the weakness and the strength of their philosophy and indeed of our post-war culture generally.

Yours, etc.,

Swansea

NEVILLE MASTERMAN

Greek Professors and the Modern Mind

Sir,—Claiming to show from Homer how the Greeks 'loved the light, the light of the sun and the light of definition', Professor Leon surely misrepresents a little the meaning and context of *Il.* 17, 645-7? Ajax indeed prays: 'Free the Achaeans, from the dust-cloud; give us a clear view: destroy us even in the light, since you so will'. (*ἀήρ* is haze or mist, hardly smog or blackout, contrasting with *αἶθρη*, the clear sky). But I cannot detect near-panic in Ajax's speech and prayer, even though we see him *δάκρυ χέοντα*, shedding a tear—surely no necessary sign of broken morale in a Greek. And *ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ θάλασσον* will not bear the Goethean emphasis of 'Mehr Licht!' Rather is it: 'When it is light even SLAY US!'

Again, does Plato's *ἀνεξέταστος βίος* mean *unexamined* life? Surely it means a life spent without enquiring into things, the verbal suffix lacking stability on the active-passive axis. To saddle on Plato, by a double mistranslation, the dreary connotation of modern scholastic use is a little gratuitous.

Lastly, Hades (or Pluto), brother of Zeus (*Ζεύς καταχθόνιος, ἀναξ ἐνέρον* etc.) is indeed a god, but assuredly not a *minor* god; nor is he to be identified with Death (*Θάνατος*), the brother of Sleep.—Yours, etc.

Birmingham

W. P. MCKECHNIE

Scent and Shade in the Garden

By P. J. THROWER

ALWAYS like to plant flowers noted for their beautiful scent near to a garden seat, by the side of a path, or under a window. I would not be without the flowering tobacco plant, *nicotiana*; the strongest scent undoubtedly comes from the white variety, and this has a tendency to close its flowers during the brightest part of the day and open them in the evening, but the variety *Crimson Bedder* is a lovely variety. There are other colours and hybrids which do not close their flowers during the daytime. *Mignonette* is not a striking flower and does not catch the eye like many others, but no garden should be without a few plants because of their lovely scent.

A plant we do not see grown so much these days is the night-scented stock. This, again, is not a flower which catches the eye, but in the evenings there is no mistaking the scent given off by these plants. It is an easy plant to grow, and a few seeds scattered in odd corners or under the shrubs and just raked into the surface is all that is necessary. It can be sown up to the middle of this month.

I think, too, that no garden should be without some form of shade or shelter, but it is

often a problem to some people to know what to plant under the shade of a tree or in a part of the garden which is overshadowed by buildings. Trees with large leaves throw a very heavy shade, while under those with smaller leaves and many of the ornamental flowering trees the shade is much less dense. When you visit your friends' and neighbours' gardens it is well worth making a note of those shrubs and plants you see growing and enjoying the shade of trees or buildings. It is not always shade that is the deciding factor—many plants and shrubs which normally enjoy shade fail under trees because of the lack of moisture. If you intend planting under large trees, then the soil must be well worked first and some manure or compost worked into the soil to help retain the moisture and help whichever plants they may be to compete with the tree roots and get themselves established.

To list a few shrubs, you will notice that most *berberis* will grow in the shade; so will the *Hypericum calycinum*, more commonly known as St. John's Wort, with those attractive yellow poppy-like flowers; once established this will grow and flower freely throughout most of

the summer. *Rhododendrons* and *azaleas* appreciate shade, but there must be no lime in the soil whatsoever. Among the plants, I would include Solomon's seal, lily of the valley, the hardy primulas where it is moist, foxgloves, and *Meconopsis Baileyi*, that beautiful Himalayan poppy. This is an attractive plant and is becoming very popular; ours are a mass of those lovely sky blue flowers at the moment. They seed very freely, and seeds sown as soon as they are ripe will germinate like mustard and cress. Some of the seedlings from seed sown early this month will flower next year, and I know you would be proud to have them in your garden. The seed of foxgloves can be sown this month, too.

And while we are talking of flowers, Sweet William and Canterbury Bells can be sown this month, and there is a job on the alpines. The aubretia and many of the alpine phlox have now finished flowering. With a sharp-knife trim the long growths back, and at the same time cut the dead flower heads off the other growths; they will produce fresh growths from the base and make shapely plants for flowering again next spring.—From a talk in the Midland Home Service

'Somewhat Nearer the Heart of Creation'

Reminiscences of Paul Klee by BRUNO ADLER

WHEN I was an undergraduate in Munich the painter Franz Marc introduced me to the circle of artists who called themselves *Der Blaue Reiter* (The Blue Horseman). I distinctly remember—it must have been towards the end of 1912—one of the meetings of these men and women, all of whom I thought to be geniuses and some of whom actually were. I was particularly impressed by the Russian painter Alexei de Jawlensky, who denounced any compromise with tradition in the most scathing terms. A man sitting quietly by my side turned to me suddenly and said: 'It takes an ex-officer of the Tsar's Guard Regiment to be as radical as all that!' This man was the painter Paul Klee, who was then known more as a graphic artist.

He was in the early thirties, thin, rather small; the dusky pallor of his face and a short black beard gave him an almost Latin appearance. I already knew some of his work; now I was able to see more of it. He lived with his wife and child in the back part of a house in Munich's *Quartier Latin*. To support the household, his wife Lily went out during the daytime to give piano lessons, so he had to help in the home. He did the shopping, cooked, looked after the little boy and made toys for him. He had no studio, and drew, etched, and painted either in the living-room or in the kitchen.

I sometimes visited them, attracted by Klee's interesting colour studies and his equally interesting personality.

When the first world war broke out all foreigners had to leave Germany. In 1919 I returned to Munich to find the group dispersed. Franz Marc, the hope of the younger school of German painters, had been killed; Kandinsky was in Russia. But Klee was back again. Although born and bred in Switzerland, he was a German subject and so had to serve in the German army, which employed him on camouflaging aircraft and keeping the regimental books, but left him some time in between for music, painting, and writing. His living-room was now crowded with his little pictures. To me they seemed to be of magic beauty. I was then on my way to Weimar where the architect Walter Gropius was about to open the Bauhaus. A year later Klee became one of the teachers there.

That was thirty-five years ago, and today Klee's work has to bear the most wildly heterogeneous interpretations. He has been called a romantic, a classic, a humorist, a mystic, an opportunist, a puerile dreamer, one of the timeless sages—a major, a minor, a merely provincial, and recently a 'micropolitan' artist. Let me describe the impression which Klee, the man, made on me. This will perhaps help to explain some of those conflicting judgements.

The years in Weimar were happy years for him; but even as I say this I begin to doubt whether one can apply words like 'happy' or 'unhappy' to the type of man he was. Anyhow he had at last a proper studio; he was recognised; he had economic security; and was free to do his own creative work, to experiment and to teach according to his own lights. His studio looked like the laboratory of a research worker who was engaged in plumbing the secret of growth and decay, of statics and dynamics. He had become more taciturn than ever and seemed to live in a perpetual state of concentration. Though a friendly enough person, the impression he made was of a man immersed in some mysterious inward world of his own.

Was he, then, perhaps something of a mystic? Nothing was so important, he repeated again and again, as to give to the pictorial arts

the same kind of solid foundation which the theory of harmony has given to music. And when I asked him for a contribution to a periodical I was then editing, he produced an illustrated essay on point, line, surface, and the third dimension—an essay which is still regarded as a fundamental part of the grammar of design. He had a marked mathematical and scientific bent, and worked on studies of this kind on and off throughout his life. They are as yet unpublished.

But, if now you should be inclined to think of Klee as mainly an intellectual type, consider the following episode. One of his colleagues at Weimar came into his studio and pointed to a water-colour of a room containing two pieces of furniture, on each of which the same tiny figure was perched. 'What's that little duplicated hobgoblin?' the visitor asked. 'Little hobgoblin', murmured Klee. 'I've racked my brains for days to find the right name and now at last I've got it'.

Later that day they met again in Klee's house. 'Look', said Klee, 'this is the cupboard on which the little goblin sits. From out of that corner he jumped on to it, then without touching the floor, he floated up to that chest-of-drawers over there, and there he remained'. His friend, slightly at a loss, inquired whether the subject had been suggested by a dream. 'A dream . . .', Klee replied. 'Even if it had been a dream it would not have remained one. And if it were an imaginary scene it would still be a dream because imagination is dreaming while awake. Dreaming and imagination make play with reality, for instance with that cupboard and the little goblin sitting on it, and', he added with a smile, 'with the little goblin's dreams'. This was the way Klee



Self-portrait by Paul Klee (1911)

the day-dreamer and acute observer, described how a picture can emerge from the fusion of reality with imagination.

Klee's earlier work includes numbers of whimsical or satirical drawings, and one is often tempted to regard some of the later ones as deliberately jocular. Was he perhaps an ironical humorist, after all? He did not possess what is ordinarily called a 'sense of humour'; but at times he must undoubtedly have enjoyed hilarious bouts of gaiety. The studio of that remarkable painter Georg Muche was next to his own in the Bauhaus. One day Muche heard a curious rhythmical noise through the wall which he could not account for. Meeting Klee in the corridor, he asked him what he thought this might have been. 'Oh did you hear it?' Klee answered. 'You see, I was painting and all of a sudden I felt like dancing. You know, I have hardly ever danced in my life. But now I felt I simply *must* dance—so I just danced'. And with his usual politeness he added 'I do hope this didn't disturb you?'

Polite he was, but he did not tolerate fools gladly, and indeed rarely exposed himself to such calamity. His relations with other Bauhaus teachers, particularly Kandinsky, were very cordial but probably never intimately personal. The students had the utmost respect for him and nicknamed him 'The Buddha'. During those early days in Weimar it was inevitable that sharp disagreements should have arisen from time to time on the methods of teaching. One staff meeting became particularly heated and everyone looked to Klee as the ultimate arbiter to decide the issue. But he remained silent. Afterwards he wrote a letter to Gropius in which he declined to take sides but welcomed the dispute between them. What mattered, he said, was not who was right or wrong but that both parties should be free to apply their own principles, 'just as in the universe good and evil finally work together'.

He once wrote: 'The devilish side of life peeps out here and there

it cannot be suppressed, for truth requires that everything shall be taken into account, and this holds good of works of art as well. For him, good and evil were essentially complementary, and his moral as well as his artistic aim was to attain that point of no return where they cease to be in conflict.

Sometimes he introduced this favourite idea of his into casual remarks. Once when a pupil asked his advice on the sketch she had been working on, he turned to me and said: 'Look at these young people! How lightheartedly they put heaven and earth into the same picture! Occasionally, too, he would give a sardonic turn to it. The art students were for a time very much under the influence of a teacher who preached a reformed way of life which included a vegetarian diet. And as happens so easily with Germans, the students accepted vegetarianism as a *Weltanschauung*, an article of faith; eliminate the intestinal worms from your digestive tract, and your physical and spiritual perfection could be guaranteed. Klee repulsed their effort to convert him with gentle irony, saying he simply could not bring himself to treat his worms with such inhumanity. As they did not understand this and tried to renew their persuasions he dismissed them curtly with 'I refuse to make my way to heaven through a purified intestine'.

He had a deep respect for the whole visible world, and insisted that the nature of things must never be misused. It may seem a little ludicrous, but it could happen that when he was out of doors and it rained, he would put up his umbrella like anyone else, but, unlike other people, even after the shower had stopped, he would walk on in the sunshine still holding the open umbrella over his head. This was not the forgetfulness of an absent-minded professor. 'If you roll an umbrella while it is wet', he explained, 'you spoil the silk'. He treated the covering of his umbrella with the same meticulous care as the texture of the canvas he was painting on, or any materials he used. Respect for the natural qualities of things and regard for their intrinsic purpose were traits of his character just as much as his sense of economy. Nature, he would point out, can afford to be wasteful; but the artist must be rigorously sparing. To reduce everything to the barest fundamentals has nothing to do with infantile primitivity; on the contrary, it was its opposite—the result of work, discipline, and contemplation.

But, above all, the artist's relation with nature should never exhaust itself in a monologue. Nature for Klee was always the active partner in a conversation. Only by listening to things could the artist hope to understand what they really are. This was the belief of a man who was often accused of living among abstractions.

Others called him an escapist, and in a sense they were right for he paid little attention to outward events, even when they affected him closely. This was not surprising in a man who as far back as 1914 wrote in his diary: 'What goes on in the market-place below must seem comical enough seen from the church-tower above—how much more so, then, from my own particular point of vantage!' Do not take this for overweening presumption. All who met Klee felt that the familiarity he claimed with an unseen world was justified, and yet they were captivated by his simple humanity.

He came from an intensely musical home, and had hesitated for some time whether to become a painter or a musician. Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, and above



Two of Paul Klee's whimsical or satirical drawings: 'Three Flying Birds'—

to whom we owe the rediscovery of pythagorean harmonics, used to come in regularly to play trios with Klee and his wife. On one of these occasions they were practising something of Ravel's that had been chosen by Lily Klee. When they got halfway through it for the third time, Klee broke off abruptly and laid down his bow in obvious disgust. 'Don't you like it, then?' she asked indignantly. 'It makes me retch!' was his answer—and he was a man who hardly ever used strong language.

His increasing hostility to exaggerated radical tendencies may well have been caused by the events in Germany during the nineteen-thirties. In spite of the gulf which separated him from 'the market-place below' he had come to realise that all extremism proves harmful in the end. From then onwards he confined himself to his beloved old masters, Sophocles, Racine, Bach, Mozart, in whose clarity he found refuge from the confusion all around him.

Paul Klee spent the last years of his life at Berne working as tirelessly as ever. The most important member of his house was a white Persian tom-cat he had named 'Prince Bimbo' and loved tenderly. Then came the fatal illness; the skin of his fingers began to shrivel and he could no longer play the violin. But he drew and painted to the very end. These words he once wrote are engraved on his tombstone: 'From a mundane angle alone I cannot possibly be understood, for I dwell as much with the dead as with the still unborn—somewhat nearer the heart of creation than most people, perhaps, but nothing like near enough to it'.

—Third Programme

Words to Artemis

Virginal Artemis, rising late,
Round above the falling dew,
Violence made Alcmena mate;
Got with child, with child grown great,
Violently I envy you.

Ecstasy beyond the tomb
And the boughs of Adam's tree,
Brilliance never known to groom,
Let me touch your secret loom.
I am bound, but you are free.

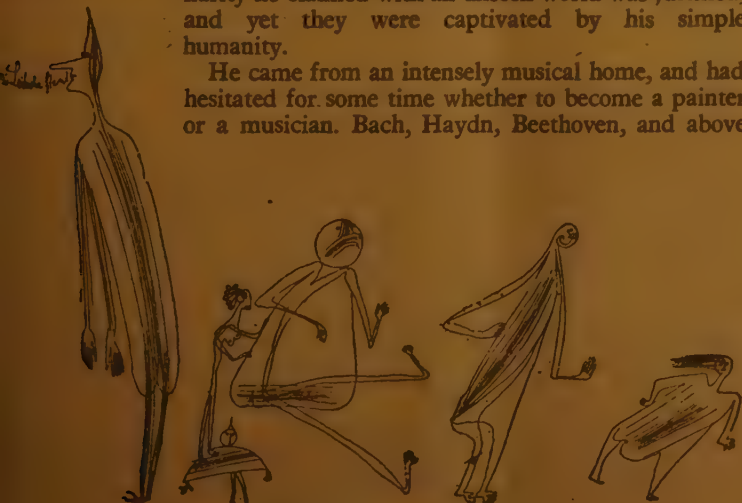
You that never felt this weight
Nor the strength of life unborn
Kick against the bonds of fate,
Aid me now to cast this great
Burden aching to be borne.

Bright beyond my days are you,
Yet within my toll and fee.
Do what none but you can do.
Bound to none, these bonds unloose
Holding back the prisoned sea.

Let that circle be fulfilled
Ancient as the loom of man.
Not by peace the heavens are stilled
But by all the strength we willed,
Now to comfort girl or man.

Shine above me, cool this fever;
Lift to you the newborn eyes.
Set your bow against their quiver
That in darkness they discover
Eyes of love, unsetting eyes.

VERNON WATKINS



—and 'The Passions!'

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

NOT many who saw Tiepolo's 'Banquet of Cleopatra' in Burlington House last winter can have realised that it was urgently in need of cleaning, yet it has now emerged from under the expert hands of Mr. Horace Buttery as an entirely different and dazzling masterpiece. The National Gallery of Victoria has given people in this country the opportunity to see this transformation by lending the picture until the end of August to the National Gallery in London where it has been hung, without a glass, among the other eighteenth-century Venetian pictures in Room IX.

When the Government held a reception in the National Gallery at the time of the Coronation it was, of course, a splendid occasion and a spectacle that could not fail to gratify anyone with any taste for tiaras and orders, uniforms and the robes of eastern kings. But there was one drawback; Rubens, Veronese, and the rest of them proved to be so enormously more sumptuous than as duchesses and rajahs passed in front of the great canvases they ceased for the moment to be more than adequately impressive. So perhaps it is just as well that Tiepolo's glittering vision of really high life was not hung in the gallery at that time. For this adds to the imagery of Veronese, which the artist obviously had in mind while he was painting the picture, a new touch of exquisite affectation and a late extravagance of manners which could hardly have been achieved in the more practical and workaday Venice of 200 years before. His colour as it is newly revealed is wonderfully in keeping with the fantastic assembly of towering magi and pin-headed negroes in brocade waiting upon the incredibly handsome Roman soldier and the irresistibly enticing Egyptian queen. By mixing a liberal quantity of white with almost every colour he banishes all harshness but by no means all vivacity from his palette; the refinement of such blanched colours as the pale russet of Cleopatra's dress might be thought incompatible with any audacity of contrast, but in fact this is the perfect and decidedly epigrammatic foil to the dull olives of her sash. It is a surprising fact that at about the time when the picture was bought from the Hermitage some experts considered it the work of Giovanni Domenico rather than of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo; this might well shake one's faith in those who distinguish the work of these two artists with so much confidence at the present time.

A precisely opposite world and sphere of society is disclosed in the lithographs of Currier and Ives which are exhibited at 28 Portman Square, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Considered as works of art, though they may be collectors' items and the rarest of them worth some thousands of dollars, they are wholly preposterous; the preface to the catalogue may speak of fine drawing and even of 'distinction of line and composition', but in fact their execution is

for the most part ludicrously inept. But this, of course, only makes the more obviously American primitives, and also adds pungency to the period flavour which has made them so popular in the United States. Nor can it be denied that half-an-hour's excellent entertainment can be got from this collection of nearly 200 prints; all the American of legend is here faithfully and innocently portrayed, the Red Indian emigrants crossing the plains, gold miners in California, 'The Grand Palace Drawing Room Steamers in the World', genuine Yankees with goatee boards, and Chicago in flames. The catalogue is informative and reveals such interesting facts as that all the colouring of the prints was

done by hand though certainly mass-production methods; twelve young women mostly German copied a model and each applied only one colour.

At the Hanover Gallery there is an exhibition of new and not so new paintings by Mr. Graham Sutherland, Mr. Francis Bacon, and Mr. William Scott. Perhaps the most interesting thing about this is that Mr. Scott seems to have given up pure abstraction and gone back to the still-life paintings of recognisable objects with which in the past he largely made his name. Some of the ruggedness that developed in his



'The Banquet of Cleopatra', by Tiepolo, now on view at the National Gallery, London

abstract period and which was in marked contrast to the crisp execution of his earlier work still remains in the new pictures, but this may all to the good; his former precision, the conspicuous skill with which he could produce the most telling summary of any very simple object was certainly attractive but might have become dangerously slick. With the readmission of some small element of realism he has certainly regained his old power, much more often found in French than in English painters, of hitting out a contrast of colour, of pronouncing a firm statement of the values, which enables one at once to distinguish his pictures even when seen in the largest mixed exhibition.

Besides two large and certainly impressive canvases from an earlier series, the sequence of burly men shouting or screaming, Mr. Bacon shows two recent paintings, a good deal smaller, based on the mask of Blake's face. The mask itself presents a powerful image to which Mr. Bacon's not very considerable alterations and distortions do not add very much, but the pictures are really excellently painted with a sure grasp of form; if he should continue in this vein he might end by becoming an admirable portrait painter or a quick sensitive observer of still life, a development that would certainly disappoint many of his admirers, but might reveal the true nature of his talent in the end.

The one or two paintings by Mr. Graham Sutherland do not tell anything very new about his art, but there is an interesting picture in his science-fiction manner, an apparition that might well be taken for an organism from another world.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Life of J.-K. Huysmans

By Robert Baldick. Oxford. 42s.

J.-K. HUYSMANS died on May 12, 1907, with a cigarette between his fingers, affectionate and weary. The ravages of his illness had been appalling, but he had accepted his sufferings with lucidity and patience, responding to every turn of the screw with that idiom of pious irony which had come to use as a protection for hisasperated sensibilities against the turpitudes of life. An admirer of Grunewald's 'Crucifixion' (the impact of this painting at Cassel had been a major revelation), he had been compelled to exemplify in his person what he called 'my colorist philosophy'. Had he, at this moment, any intimations of his posthumous glory? His humility, acquired through wry observance of his own oddities, would have defeated such speculation, one imagines, with a comment at once scarifying and scatological.

Yet the glory has come. It was to be expected that Catholics would remember so notable a convert and perhaps consider him as their exclusive property; it is no surprise that the surrealists should acclaim him as a precursor of the inventions of 'decadence' and the *décor* of Satanism. But Huysmans is much more than an incident in nineteenth-century French Catholicism, or a documented chapter in *The Romantic Agony*; he has outgrown all the *modèles*. The Société J.-K. Huysmans is now in its twenty-seventh year, and it counts President Salazar as well as André Breton, M. Robert Human as well as Pierre MacOrlan, among its members. It has published some 120 *Cahiers*; the bibliographies grow more complex; there still remains a mass of unpublished correspondence and notebooks. And now comes Dr. Baldick who, having methodically sifted all this material, has accomplished what no French biographer has attempted—a life of Huysmans which for its audacity and amplitude of execution can only be compared with Henri Mondor's *Vie de Mallarmé*. There could be no higher praise.

It is curious to observe that the memory of Huysmans has never passed through that phase of neglect which seems to be the law of literary revival. It is recognised, even by his devotees, that he wrote no novel of the first order, and that the hagiographical studies are uncritical and centric; the voluminous art-criticism, powerful in its time (Félix Fénéon called him 'the creator of Impressionism'), only repays study by reflecting a particular moment in the history of taste. Yet Huysmans continues to be read with passion because, as Dr. Baldick demonstrates with such meticulous documentation, everything he wrote is 'disguised autobiography', and the fascination is in the man himself—his personal protest, lasting a life-time, of exacerbated nerves. 'Everything that revolted his senses', wrote Paul Valéry, 'excited his genius'. It is only when criticism has abandoned the attempt to make a literary assessment of Huysmans in terms of a doctrinaire 'realism' or of an equally doctrinaire 'supernaturalism' that the genius becomes apparent.

The fate of those authors who have suffered conversion is to become material for manipulation in the hands of those who take sides. Not the least merit of Dr. Baldick's *Life* is its detachment; Huysmans is of a piece throughout. The result is that Schopenhauer and Ste. Lydwine Schiedam are seen less as irreconcilable protagonists than as fellow participants in the personal drama; the Vigils of Solesmes become implicit in the *Soirées de Médan*. Huysmans

remains faithful to his 'genius', and revulsion is lived through in the acceptance of revulsion to its furthest limits—if there are any limits. The only way to escape—if there is an escape—is to keep the eyes open in the contemplation of Grunewald, and to believe in a miracle of metamorphosis which will transform 'this Redeemer of the doss-house, this God of the morgue' into the calm, majestic outcome—as yet obscured—of the Byzantine Christ. It was the only way out for Huysmans. His lucid commentary on the consequences of this choice, explaining himself to himself as the years advanced to their crescendo of pain, was one man's answer (and an exemplary one) in the eternal debate between Pascal and Montaigne. The danger of such answers is in the rationalisations of disciples, and the less said the better about the doctrine of 'mystical substitution'.

'To be truly great', wrote Huysmans, 'a work of art must be either satanic or mystic, for between these extremes there is only the temperate zone, an artistic purgatory, filled with more or less contemptible works of purely human interest'. Dr. Baldick's life of Huysmans does not, we must thankfully admit, fulfil these exclusive ideals; it is of the absorbing human interest appropriate to our temperate zone and is a notable example of that essentially humanist art, the art of the biographer. The crowded gallery of human portraits, rich in oddity and pathos, may sometimes disguise the fact that this volume will be an indispensable source-book for the period; it should also be added that no connoisseur of nineteenth-century Satanism or *episcopi vagantes* could afford to neglect it. What remains when the book is finished, however, is not only a clearer understanding of a bizarre genius but also a permanent affection for him.

German Romantic Literature

By Ralph Tymms. Methuen. 25s.

Goethe asked his countrymen to treat the impossible as though it were possible. Was his request really necessary? The Germans seem to thrive on impossible aspirations. They are good at fairy-tales and philosophy, military strategy and extravagant industrial targets. Yearning and striving, they are perpetual Fausts, and if their 'Romantic Period' is generally understood to mean the first thirty years or so of their nineteenth-century literature, this is only because in this period they are rather more romantic than in others. It is now, as Mr. Tymms remarks, that they give most explicit expression to 'an undying component of German art'.

This book is a fascinating reflection of personality. Here we have an interesting and forceful critic dealing with a literary period which is at once absurd and exciting. Mr. Tymms is detailed enough to satisfy the specialist, and sufficiently general to deserve the attention of any student of literature, especially those who, like himself, are bold enough to regard writing as a human activity.

The story of German romanticism is in many respects the story of the divine fool. From a ridiculous beginning it goes on to make a decisive contribution to modern literature. The idea of original genius, of freedom from theoretical considerations, is borrowed by the Germans from foreign theorists, and theorised upon. The Schlegel brothers then pronounce a norm for abnormal genius and the way is open for a calculated outburst of spontaneous feeling. The greatest monuments of this age of free

creation are A. W. Schlegel's translations from Shakespeare and two editorial publications: Arnim and Brentano's anthology of folk-songs (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*) and the fairy-tales collected by the brothers Grimm. The early romantics 'fail in original composition because they must, since their goals are unattainable. Romantic glory lies in striving, not achievement. They are constantly 'on the way', their passage marked by trails of unfinished manuscripts, necessarily unfinished because these authors are concerned (vaguely) with ideal existence, not reality.

But one must distinguish between those for whom the dream is an escape from life and those for whom it comes to mean a more significant version of reality. For from the idea of original genius and Fichte's assertion of the almost limitless powers of the imagination comes the literary discovery of the subconscious mind as the source of action. The romantic 'Märchen' begins as escapist fantasy but becomes, with E. T. A. Hoffmann, the vehicle of the 'other self', the vital legacy of German romanticism to European literature. In their search for the god inherent in every writer they discover the terror latent in every soul. Dostoevsky claimed to have read everything that Hoffmann ever wrote. That the romantics misinterpreted Fichte's conception of imagination is an extra twist of irony. Vague idealism borrows and misinterprets and blunders, and finally produces modern psychological realism.

Said and Done: the Autobiography of an Archaeologist

By O. G. S. Crawford.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Steadfast of purpose and intolerant of obstruction, Crawford is one of the giants of modern archaeology. He is incidentally one of the few archaeological representatives of that 'missing generation' which largely perished in the first war; and he himself, first as an infantryman and subsequently as an observer in the R.F.C., very nearly joined the majority. His war experiences are told in this book with a convincing absence of emphasis that blends them happily with his more peaceable adventures. But the whole story, whether in peace or war, is essentially that of the scholar militant, and his pungent asides on men and things give a recurrent vividness to a narrative which, in the earlier chapters, is prone to resemble a transcribed diary rather than a history. When the diary is set aside, or when about 1930 it happily ceases, the record gathers momentum, and the best chapters are very good indeed.

At Oxford a young man who knew his own academic interests and pursued them afieid with an undisguised partiality did not fit easily into a hardened university system, and the basic B.A. which he eventually scraped together remained undisguised until in 1952 Cambridge honoured him with a well-deserved doctorate. He early developed a taste for human geography, a subject now widely recognised but then scarcely identified; and his earliest published papers in 1912-13 dealt with the relation of prehistoric relics to environment in a new and provocative way. In the latter year he joined a remarkable expedition to Easter Island, but indifferent leadership led to something approaching mutiny in the schooner which carried the expedition, and Crawford left it abruptly at St. Vincent. The whole story, told

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The Life of J.-K. Huysmans

BY ROBERT BALDICK

'Huysmans is a prose drug whose aroma is so subtle, so fetching, that there is in existence a flourishing society of its addicts. I have been hearing about this book for two years and here it is. I wish I had written it myself. Very occasionally we can still find a good writer about whom far too little is known, and a small voice tells us: "There's room for a book there."... all who enjoy the French nineteenth century should lay hold of this volume and salt it away for the next wet evening.' CYRIL CONNOLLY in the *Sunday Times*. 42s. net

Laurels and Rosemary

The Life of William and Mary Howitt

BY AMICE LEE

'The Howitts had 12 children, produced more than 200 books between them, kept on the move and finished in Rome where Mary, left a widow, forsook Quakerism and the spiritualism, in which the pair had been interested, for the Roman Church. William had gone off, at the age of 60, with his sons gold digging in Australia and returned no richer except for the experience... They were called the "indefatigable Howitts" and their acquaintance is well worth making.' *The Times*. Illustrated 30s. net

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BY R. A. SAYCE

Though a poetic rehabilitation of these epics is only possible in one or two cases, they all throw light on the development of a poetic tradition and on the attempt to harmonize Christian faith and its Biblical inspiration with a literary faith in the gods of antiquity. This book studies the growth of a literary form and the point at which the religious, literary, and artistic beliefs of a period may be observed in close contiguity. 35s. net

R. A. SAYCE is also the author of: *Style in French Prose* 21s. net

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plus RETEX

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES
or write Walthamstow, E.17.

pretentiously, has nevertheless a touch of the panish Main about it. Later in the year he joined the Wellcome archaeological expedition to the Sudan; a circumstance which induced his return there in more recent years to make an admirable ground-survey, published subsequently by the Sudan government.

The first war gave him a new practical experience of maps and introduced him to their makers, who, in 1920, very wisely established a post for him as Archaeology Officer at the Ordnance Survey. The long struggle that ensued between him and his service chiefs is told with gusto but without malice, and is one of the many human and revealing episodes that given the book. At the Ordnance Survey he initiated standards of work which will leave a permanent mark upon our maps. For the first time the many archaeological sites which have always been included in them were reviewed with a professional and critical eye, and today the resultant quality of these records is unapproached elsewhere in the world. Furthermore, he persuaded his chiefs to authorise the preparation and issue of 'period' maps, beginning with the now-famous survey of Roman Britain, which opened up fresh horizons and reached a new and appreciative public.

Alongside all this, Crawford was rapidly developing the use of air-photography as an archaeological technique, with commensurate results. He was not the inventor of this technique, but his war experiences in the R.F.C. had shown its potentialities, and he may be regarded as the true parent of air-photography as a standard archaeological medium.

Finally—if finality can be attributed to so vital a career—Crawford established in 1927 an archaeological quarterly which has readers in all parts of the world and is designed to comprehend all archaeological discoveries in a form intelligible to the unspecialised reader. The resultant service to archaeological studies in the widest sense is incalculable.

The story of these and other enterprises is now told in readable form by the man best qualified to tell them. In the telling, there merges the clear portrait of a strong personality to whom his chosen tasks partook of the quality of moral missions. In his own words, following a gleam was much more important than any sort of careerism or money-grabbing. . . . I decided that I would earn my living by doing something I really enjoyed doing. It may be predicted that his readers will share his enjoyment.

The British Seashore

By H. G. Vevers.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

The coastline of Britain is one of the most varied in the world, not only in its general scenery but also in the many interesting plants and animals that it supports. It was in Britain, too, that a popular interest in the life of the seashore was first fostered by the writings of P. H. Gosse—the father of *Father and Son*—at the time when holidays at the seaside were becoming fashionable more than a hundred years ago. Gosse, however, was a scientist as well as a naturalist and popular writer so that his researches helped to lay the foundations of the study of the sea and its living inhabitants, a study which is now carried on in the great marine laboratories all over the world.

Dr. Vevers, who has been working as one of the staff at the Plymouth Laboratory of the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom since the war, has written an authoritative introduction to the natural history of the seashore for the amateur naturalist and the visitor to the seaside who is interested in what he sees on his walks along the beach. 'The

main purposes of this book are to increase your enjoyment of the seashore and coast, and to give a background on which you may base further reading and exploration.'

The book covers a wider field than is usual in books about the shore, for it deals not only with the animals and plants of the sea but also with those of the cliffs, sand dunes, and salt marshes. Introductory chapters discuss the salinity of the sea, the tides, and ocean currents, as well as the geological history of the shore. The author describes the seaweeds and flowering plants of the shore and coast, the fishes of the seashore, and the cliff and shore birds before coming to less familiar types of creatures—crabs, barnacles, 'shells', sea urchins, starfishes, worms, sponges, sea anemones, jelly-fish, and many more. The sea-firs have recently become of particular interest; they are many-branched, mossy-looking growths that appear to be plants but are in reality the horny skeletons of minute creatures similar to those that build up the coral reefs of the tropics. Since the war a curious trade in sea fir has sprung up—the 'White-weed' industry. The skeletons are washed, dried, and dyed in various colours and sold as a form of decoration under the name of 'sea fern': in recent years the value of this trade has been as much as a quarter of a million pounds sterling, much of it paid in dollars.

The book concludes with chapters on different types of shore, the treasures of the driftline, and an appendix of miscellaneous information. It is written without the use of unfamiliar technical terms—all the Latin names are relegated to the appendix—and is illustrated with some interesting photographs and numerous excellent drawings. It will add enormously to the enjoyment of any seaside holiday.

Experiences and Places

By Clifford Dymont. Dent. 6s.

Riding Lights. By Norman MacCaig.

Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Selected Fables of La Fontaine

By Marianne Moore. Faber. 10s. 6d.

In some of his earlier poems, and in a fascinating autobiographical radio feature, Mr. Clifford Dymont staked out his topographical claim to be the poet of what, in one of the poems in his new collection, *Experiences and Places*, he nicely calls 'the flat stale and profitable plain' of the English midlands. 'Derbyshire born', he tells us,

. . . Monmouth is my home,
Monmouth I call Wales despite cartographers . . .
Leicester got into my blood and made my bone—
Leicestershire loved me, its stubborn son
Who hated the no man's land, the elbow-out
Of northern and southern culture, possessing
none,
I declared in my youthful arrogance.

Nobody could call Mr. Dymont arrogant now. How unassumingly his flat, wayward, nonchalant yet dead accurate style assimilates the cars, council houses, Red Emmas, chip-shops, and machine-worshipping youth of the heart of mechanical England: how assentingly one can listen to his quiet voice, modestly underplaying its doubt (to use one of his own phrases) in a civilisation 'whose aspect is nowhere strange but is nowhere home'.

He is at his best when he combines people and places, as in 'The Moth' or in 'As a boy with a richness of needs I wandered', with its diffident, skilful blend of comedy and disenchantment.

I was tempted by aircraft too, sniffing
Over *The Aeroplane* and *Flight*—those kites,
They seem today, knocked up in a backyard
By young and oily artists who painted with rivets.

Though immediately pleasurable, Mr. Dymont's

poems are also the sort that grow on the reader, because they are full of the phenomena of ordinary life. In contrast, most of the poems in Mr. Norman MacCaig's *Riding Lights*, though at first sight very confident and accomplished verbally and metrically, seem to promise more than they achieve because they are concerned with general ideas rather than particular realities:

Translate these cold Latinities of cloud
From your speech into theirs, and you will find
Death and desire, grown decent, are allowed
A monumental statement in the mind.

The poem, 'Landscape in Cloud', of which that is the first verse, makes some impressive references, yet it ends with an ironic glance at its own 'solemnities' which seems to betoken a sense that, behind the effective if rather contrived imagery, there lies some uncertainty of aim—an uncertainty which, alas, the poems themselves are too marmoreal and well-behaved to take into account. It is as if Mr. MacCaig were afraid of spoiling his effect. Now and again, however, when he sacrifices some of his intellectual ambition, he proves himself capable of moving (and of moving the reader with him) from the derived, consciously 'poetic' world of the *trouvé* into the real world of the *donné*:

He

Stares, in the end, at his own face, and shame
Of his deep flaw, mortality,
Shines in the star, and from the tree the same
Pity is shed that weakens him when he knows
That he is going where even the stone goes.

To turn to Miss Marianne Moore's verse translations of La Fontaine, after reading the lumbering prose of her foreword, is to experience the same delighted relief one gets from watching a seal dive in. And how well, and to the manner born, she swims in these cool waters. A short fable, quoted entire, must suffice to illustrate the skill with which she combines mandarin words (chosen with a grave and charming wit) and a simple conversational idiom:

Everyone is self-deceived:
Of all the fooled, agog to catch a phantom,
The number if you knew it would never be
believed;
It is a permanent conundrum.
We ought to be reminded of Aesop's dog, who set
out
With a bone, but on seeing what he had in his
mouth doubled
By water, dropped it for the shadow and just
about
Drowned. The brook was instantly troubled;
And having worn himself out, he'd neither
substance nor shadow to thank
Himself for on regaining the bank.

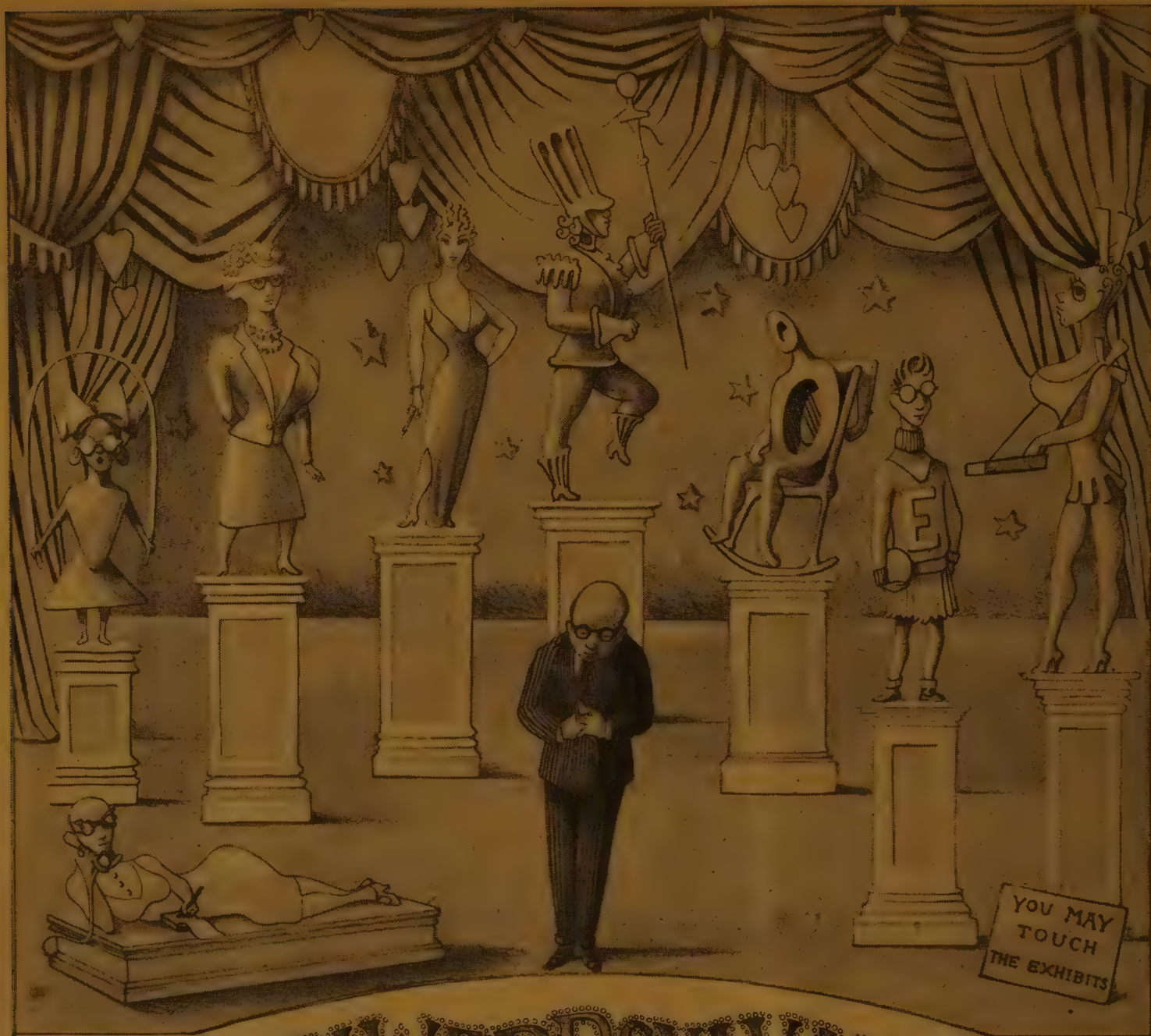
This is a book of the purest verse which can be recommended without reservation, for its wisdom, gaiety and decorum, to readers of almost any age, taste, or literary creed.

The Collected Papers of Otto Fenichel;

First and Second Series. Edited by
Hanna Fenichel and David Rapaport.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 35s. each

Readers who experience some difficulty in following the writings of psycho-analysts sometimes find themselves regretting that, unlike Darwin, Freud never found a Huxley. This is true enough in its way, yet there have been a small number of writers admirably equipped to present the theory and practice of psycho-analysis in a form that can be assimilated not only by the psycho-analytical student but by any intelligent reader who is familiar with the general outline of the science. Fenichel was pre-eminent amongst this small group, and in fact produced one of the standard textbooks of psycho-analysis, the only fault of which was a certain lack of discrimination in sifting the grain



Devised by
Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPSYLVANIA

&

THE WOMAN FIGURE

Drawn by
Loudon Sainthill

Visitors to Schweppsylvania will notice the reverence there, more than anywhere, for the female, and the importance, to the Schweppsygian, of the woman-figure. Here we see, being important to the typical man,

the typical Girl Next Door-figure, the Woman He Married-figure, the Woman he Nearly Met-figure, the Campus-figure, the Mother-figure, the Girl at School-figure, the Girl he was Never Able to Speak to-figure, and His Friend's Secretary-figure.

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

from the chaff of a compendious psycho-analytical literature.

The papers in these two volumes are arranged in chronological order and comprise Fenichel's theoretical and clinical contributions from 1922 until his death in 1946. They therefore give the background to his more systematic writings; and, although calling for some preliminary orientation on the reader's part, can be read with profit by workers in the various branches of psychiatry and general psychology, and, although to doubt with occasional puzzlement and scepticism, by the intelligent reader. For it is difficult for the latter to accept easily the glib formulations of unconscious mental function, motivation and content with which psycho-analysts juggle in their more technical writings, often without much apparent regard for the laws of evidence as these are understood in law-courts and in the laboratories of physical science.

Fenichel's interests were clearly concentrated on a number of issues which have provided a focus for psycho-analytical controversy during the past twenty-five years. This applies particularly to his views on the significance of the Oedipus Complex, on what are called its pre-natal antecedents (i.e., those phases of subject-object relation that exist during the first three or four years of life) and on the early mental development of the little girl. His most original work was on the concept of 'respiratory introjection', meaning by this term the 'psychic incorporation' or imprint of early love and hate objects through 'breath phantasies'. This paper will no doubt tax somewhat severely the reader's receptivity to unfamiliar ideas. There are also a number of papers on subjects of more general interest, including, in the first volume, the relation of psycho-analysis to metaphysics, the unconscious need for punishment, boredom, curiosity, jealousy, Freud's 'Death Instinct' and the theory of psycho-analytical treatment; and in the second (1936-46), the drive to amass wealth, the significance of the 'trophy', the fear of freedom, means of education and a theory of anti-semitism. In fact, from the general reader's point of view, the second volume is more digestible than the first.

Fenichel was not a very original writer. Few pedagogues are. But he was a persuasive writer and the reader who is prepared to take the trouble to read his books closely, and has not been unduly irritated in the process, may well forgive him an occasional touch of pedagogic dogmatism.

The Manuscript Poems of A. E. Housman Edited by Tom Burns Haber. Oxford. 25s.

And I permit him but do not enjoin him to select from my verse manuscript writing and to publish any poems which appear to him to be completed and to be not inferior in quality to the average of my published poems"—so ran the clause in A. E. Housman's will in which he bequeathed all his manuscripts to his brother Laurence. Thus it came about that the notebooks which had already been combed twice for *Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems*, were combed for a third time to produce *More Poems*, and finally for a fourth for the eighteen *Additional Poems* which appear in Laurence's Memoir. Nothing remained but abandoned fragments, cancelled drafts, and one or two more or less complete pieces which neither brother had thought of sufficient interest or distinction to be brought to the light of day. It was now Laurence's duty (in accordance with his brother's expressed wishes) to destroy these poor remains, and he did so as thoroughly as he was able. Where condemned material occupied both sides of a sheet or part of a sheet of manuscript, he simply removed it from the note-

books and burned it; but where such 'contraband' was jotted on the backs of drafts of published poems (which he naturally wished to preserve for posterity), he first cancelled them heavily in black ink and then pasted them down on mounts.

In due course of time these mounted sheets came into the possession of the Library of Congress, and here Professor Haber enters the story. He does not appear to have been primarily interested in the drafts of 'In summertime on Bredon' or 'Is my team ploughing?'—on the contrary! His first move was to steam the sheets off their mounts, and he then seems to have spent at least the next three years in deciphering what lay under the cancellations. This course of action he defends by citing the ruling of the Librarian of Congress that, 'legal permission granted, the publication of the notebook remains involves no ethical consideration which might embarrass the strictest sense of scholarly propriety'. So much then for scholarly propriety! Human propriety is perhaps a different matter.

It is pleasant to be able to record therefore that the Professor found precisely what might have been suspected—to all intents and purposes, nothing. The decidedly inferior quality of Laurence Housman's final gleanings might have warned him as much. The 'new' material is either hopelessly fragmentary, or else 'parody-Housman'—which is no reflection on Housman, for every poet parodies himself in his off moments and if he has any self-criticism at all exercises it later. The only interesting matter, in fact, is that which has been come by correctly: the section of rejected readings from the drafts of the published poems. But this is apparently only an arbitrary selection from considerably more extensive material—'apparently', because this is one of those books whose details are accurate to the pernicky extreme but the general plan and ordering so incoherent that it is almost impossible to make head or tail of them. It is particularly instructive to note the intensely individual stamp of Housman's verse—almost every isolated line is necessarily his and his alone: 'In winds at midnight plying', 'Where on brookside levels', 'I plucked a herb of saining', 'O hard is the bed that you cumber'. But there are certainly no new 'finds'.

This book is, expectedly enough, replete with all the horrors of a certain type of American scholarship. Collectors of fatuously accurate footnotes (for instance) may care to inspect this one: "This chapter when it appeared in the *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* stated that a period was "inadvertently omitted in the ms." at the end of line 8 of LP 1. Such was the evidence of the photoduplicate which I was using. However, I learned from the anonymous reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* that the original manuscript clearly showed the period; and this fact has since been confirmed by an official of the Fitzwilliam Museum. In, damned spot!"

The Prevention of Cruelty to Children By Leslie Housden. Cape. 28s.

This book does not make pleasant reading; it is not meant to. It is an account of the miseries of ill-treated and neglected children, who have suffered at the hands of their parents and of society during the nineteenth century and up to the present day. In the first part are assembled records of child labour, over-crowding, baby-farming, drunkenness, and destitution which were prevalent during the days of our national prosperity. The second part is concerned with our own less prosperous times. We have improved, but the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is still kept busy. Nowadays there are two main causes of

suffering: neglect and cruelty. The former, as the records show, is often remediable, the latter presents a more formidable problem. Neglect is frequently due to bad housing, ignorance, and hopelessness. The parents, sometimes rather dull-witted, are faced with difficulties under which they collapse. They are not cruel, though they may be idle, but life has got them down. They spend what money they have on the wrong things, they don't know how to cook, and as the family increases and the children make messes all over the place and get dirty and lousy—well '—it!' Such so-called 'problem families' have been rehabilitated by the Society and by the splendid work of the Family Service Units. Such devoted work, discouraging and disgusting, calls for the highest praise. Those who do it do not, it is true, look for material rewards, but it is monstrous that they should continue to labour under financial difficulties. When we compare the enormous incomes society awards for negligible services with the pittance received by people who are saving the potential wrecks of the coming generation, we should hesitate to criticise others for mis-spending and exploitation.

Cruelty is a very different matter. What about the man who in 1953 swung his two-year-old daughter out of her crib so that her head bashed against the table? Here, alas, we are at a loss. Of course we can satisfy ourselves by sending him to prison, but that does not help very much. Such cases, we must admit, will always be with us, on the decrease, perhaps, if public opinion is kept on the alert by publicity. Here we must rely on the vigilance of the N.S.P.C.C. It was founded in 1884 and since then has dealt with 2,481,841 cases (up to the end of 1954). Mr. Housden calls attention to the advantage of voluntary societies which have an 'unfettered freedom' not enjoyed by officials, and also to the confusion which arises in the Welfare State, when statutory bodies overlap in their spheres of action. He has proposals to make about prevention through education which are sensible enough, but surely one of the most important factors in the whole business is the formation of an educated public opinion, and his book, if read as widely as it should be, will make a significant contribution to this end.

Don't Fence Them In; Memories of Montana. By Edmund Randolph Heinemann. 18s.

The West, wild or domesticated, has been poorly served by its chroniclers. They have concentrated on the obvious and sensational, on Jesse James, the sheriff and the rustlers. Tantalisingly this open life has appeared remote and unrelated, the dream world of the teen-age boy. Mr. Randolph's memories of Montana are delightfully mature. In the early twenties he went West because his health demanded an open air life; and he remained there for some years, cattle-ranching, because the people and the way of life appealed to him more than Wall Street and the millions of Manhattan.

This is the story of that early venture in the days when Jesse James was dead, but men were alive who remembered him. The years have matured his stories, one suspects. Life is not quite so neat nor so absurd and delightful as it becomes in retrospect. But even at the time, it must have been clear that Al White, the bankrupt cattle rancher, who lived vividly in the past and future but absentmindedly in the present, belonged in the comic world of *Tristram Shandy*. This is apparently Mr. Randolph's only book, written for a son who died before he could enjoy it; but it is the work of a storyteller whose sense of humour is enriched by delight in people whose oddity luxuriates in the absence of the wild pursuit of money.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Smuggled Films

OUR WIDELY SHARED grievance about film and television background music was reduced in scale the other night by the blaring official loud-speakers in the film programme entitled 'Eastern Germany'. Crude music and singing and political exordium are an unceasing accompaniment of the daily round in that Sovietised zone



As seen by the viewer: 'From Wash to Waveney' on June 28: a reed thatcher at work, and the Lord Nelson Grammar School, Norwich

Photographs: John Cura

of Europe. Listening to it evoked a count-your-blessings mood which made one's protests against a minor domestic affliction seem almost ungracious.

The fatuous assault and battery of a cowed populace by the local propaganda machine, which rigs its loudspeakers on church walls in defiance rather than default, reproduced some of the numbing dismay of *Nineteen-Eighty-Four*. That Orwell play shocked non-thinkers out of their complacency about this best of possible worlds. The two smuggled films comprising the 'Eastern Germany' programme illustrated the unspeakable greyness of existence in the Russian satellite lands: the squalor of queueing for state-issued butter and instruction, the masquerade of an egalitarian society operated by an exclusively privileged bureaucracy, the degrading exploitation of youthful zest in mass marching and slogan shouting. Truth compels the observation that the young east Germans looked healthy and were vociferously cheerful. Older faces were bereft of expression. The high spirits of world comradeship, demonstrated in fervent delegate huggings at a party congress, could not dispel the essential dullness of the creed, its apostles, and their victims.

We were assured that there is no reason to mistrust the evidence of the involuted propaganda of these films, which were taken with official aid and not intended for western showing. Outside the congress hall, life moves at a different pace. Mostly, it creeps. The films were taken in 1952. We were assured, again, that they have lost little of their validity since. If they did not wholly pacify our resentment of the background music scourge, they helped to make the week's tennis obsession appear less ridiculous. Background music as a matter for criticism was revived in 'From Wash to Waveney' and, much more blatantly, in two films celebrating Canada Day. There was none

of it in 'An Evening on the River' and our pleasure in that programme was in no way impaired by its absence.

Pictorially, 'From Wash to Waveney' was most attractive, one of the B.B.C. Television Film Unit's best productions. It showed us a region littered with villages and not overburdened by towns, a landscape 'spacious enough for a kingdom but lacking the majesty of a great view. It caught the glint of the old-glass windows of Norwich, the sparkle of the sea that rolls over sunken churches whose bells still

ring in superstitious ears, the feeling of *terra incognita* which one has in Norfolk and particularly in its valley of the Nar. Television might usefully give us more county films or, better, more direct transmissions. England still has her secret places and, without betraying them to the world, a programme such as this provokes curiosity and warms the heart.

'An Evening on the River', the river being the Dart, achieved those effects too. It came to us *via* water-borne cameras which, not being as premeditative as the film camera, made us feel that we were not simply looking on but sharing an experience. The film discounts every emergency. The television camera must always be prepared for it, always susceptible to the changed situation, the altered tempo, the diverted stress. The stuff of 'An Evening on the River' would be good for film, but what viewer would now want to see it in the cinema? Makers of film documentary must be increasingly nervous about the risk of a clash with television.

Last week, television was more than usually preoccupied with its role of film projector. In 'Cities of Europe', the series of exchange programmes from the Continent, we saw 'Liège Cité Ardente', a brief but careful visual study of the Belgian

industrial centre, which has had to compromise with a historic past and uncongenial modern surroundings. The film showed us some of the more imaginative and picturesque aspects of the process of adaptation. 'Helen Keller', introduced by Dame Myra Hess, drew on scenes from the life and work of that triumphant woman, reminding us of Vera Lindsay's television film about Albert Schweitzer a few months ago: two of the rarer spirits of our day. Despite the loud speakers of east Germany, let it be noted, regretfully, that there was intrusive background music in both the Liège film and 'Helen Keller'.

Also on film was 'Today on the Central Court', with Peter Wilson talking breezily about the play and sparing us the professional unctiousness of some other commentators. His interview with Tony Trabert, the singles victor, made one of the best television annotations of the Wimbledon fortnight. By the time that point had been reached some of us were becoming restive. On the last two days the children were deprived of their programmes, causing birthday frustration in a seven-year-old friend of mine. Not that I objected to that planning decision. Doing without is a part of life's discipline for which few parents now have much regard.

The newly announced B.B.C. rearrangement concerning televised news have not yet had a marked effect on television 'News and Newsreel', which still often has the hangdog air of a reporter who has come back without the story. Is there argument for giving us the news, spoken only, at the beginning of the evening's programmes and the Newsreel at the end? There is, but let us be fair and allow the new dispensation its chance to shine. Last week the Newsreel brought us poignant scenes of the return of Austrian refugees from Russia. Another of its high spots was the appearance on our screens of the editor of *The Manchester Guardian*, A. P. Wadsworth, who had just received an honorary doctorate of laws from Manchester University to accord with the centenary of his newspaper as a daily.

'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' did not traffic directly in any of its categories, its subject being pictures from the National Gallery. Thomas



Scene from 'A Dream of Treason' on July 3, with (left to right) John Robinson as Martin Lambert, Jill Bennett as Valerie Fergusson, and Kynaston Reeves as Nigel Fergusson

Bodkin, Gabriel White, and Michael Ayrton were an unusually good combination in a test of memory as well as of knowledge. Shown photographs of small parts of great works of art, they scored fast and accurately in a programme that gave Professor Bodkin, in particular, an opportunity to display his picture lore, which is immense. The passionate triviality of most television panel games was for once less obvious.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

'A Dream of Treason'

MAURICE EDELMAN'S STORY, 'A Dream of Treason', made into a television play by Anthony Stever, gave distinction to last Sunday's programme. The production by Ian Atkins, with John Jacobs, provided plenty of variety of scene and flow of movement. As a contrast to the more static trifles recently offered, which were stage-plays in essence, this substantial and beautifully pictured piece was welcome. It was not something televised; it was television.

It was also, which is not always the case, aimed at adult and politically conscious minds. True, there had to be a sex-interest, but that, though it interrupted a gripping and rather 'tall' story of modern diplomacy, did not monopolise it or turn it into magazine fiction. The idea was that a British Foreign Secretary actually arranged to plant a confidential Cabinet paper in a French newspaper in order to achieve a diplomatic explosion favourable to British and American interests. He believed that diplomacy in our time is continuous 'cold war' and that the end justified his very questionable means. Impossible performance by a British Minister? Mr. Edelman, who is not remote from affairs of State, evidently thinks it might occur. In any case, he justified his means to the storyteller's end, by telling a good story, and his happy ending, though obviously coming, was given a happily inventive twist.

The Foreign Office man ordered to let the leakage drop was naturally 'in a spot' when the only people who knew what was being done, the Foreign Secretary and his Assistant Permanent Secretary, died in an aeroplane disaster. Martin Lambert, who had reluctantly passed on the paper to a French journalist, was soon suspect, trailed, and grilled. Burdened first with a wife who was a load of mischief, then with an infatuated girl who could be even more mischievous, and finally with a charge of treason, he certainly had a packetful of packets on his shoulders.

John Robinson, always good as the good fellow in a bad mess, carried Lambert's burdens on the straightest of backs, with the stiffest of upper lips, and with a capital presentation of muted bewilderment. Arthur Young, as the Foreign Secretary, capably behaved like a fox, and was no doubt chosen to do so because he looked more like an affable bear; human foxes, after all, are rarely vulpine to the view. Kynaston Reeves, representing the F.O. in retirement, pipe in mouth and heart on sleeve, fitted into the picture well, as also did the representation of War Office Secretary, played by Raymond Francis. But do sleuthing colonels drive home their deductions by neat quotations from 'Othello'? The climate and weather were oddly mixed, combining within a few days winter's thick fog, shooting for the country gentlemen, bird song, and summer foliage. But on the whole, there was matter for few complaints and many congratulations.

On Monday of last week, Emlyn Williams gave us fifteen minutes of 'Dylan Thomas Growing Up'. The episode, based on the poet's boyish writing, was called 'The Fight'; but it was by no means limited to fisticuffs and black eyes; it covered various juvenile escapades of Dylan and his friends. They seemed to be at the awkward age of male puberty, with its sniggerings and scribbling of anatomical drawings. There was a certain cruel cleverness in the way in which the poet-to-be then wrote of the child that was and of his elders that were. That expert master of acting-in-monologue, Emlyn Williams, had excellent material for his virtuosity in these seniors, especially the pompous, greedy Reverend Bevan and his dim wife.

But the impression one received of the boys was of a sly, smutty gang, and I wondered what the unpoetical viewer, to whom Dylan Thomas is not even a name, would make of this. He or she would not, I fancied, demand to know more of the Bard and purchase his work. On the previous Sunday night, a lady who had been called into a television panel game because she

and her sponsors. The officials at her radio station were so surprised (and possibly so delighted) that they omitted to switch her off. Was she ruined? Far from it. Rudeness, replacing suavity, can give great pleasure. Miss Patterson's explosion was a triumph, her fee soared, and she found a handsome husband.

This very ordinary short story was given a more than adequate screen-life. There was good reason for that. A play with Fay Compton in it is unlikely to go wrong, even though the story be nothing much. Miss Compton became the quiet, workaday Miss Patterson and the subsequent 'exploder' with equal skill. She gave veracity, not theatricality, to the blaze-up. It was not a tale one would easily believe, but, with Miss Compton's presence, a tale it was easy to enjoy.

A word of praise should not only go to J. B. Priestley, whose fifth series of sketches in 'You Know What People Are' was his best, but to his producer, Tony Richardson, and to his company. The work of Frances Rowe, Natasha Parry, Clive Morton, and John Stratton, is quick-change: as the episodes grow shorter and faster—and Mr. Richardson certainly knows how to jet-propel them—the strain on the players must become intense. It is a strain they take without flagging or 'fluffing'.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

An Aunt or Two

ONE DAY it might be a pleasantly useless relaxation to list the aunts in English drama. They would include both Charley's and, in another mood, the subject of that agreeable bit of bathos (from 'Troilus and Cressida') when the fight between Hector and Ajax ceases after Hector has observed: 'The just gods gainsay That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother, My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword be drained'. The central figure of Eden Phillpotts' 'Aunt Betsy's Birthday'

(Home) is certainly not sacred, and she is not giddy. She is an 'old buccaneer', a 'tough old figurehead'. We ought to slip into the past tense, for Betsy, so alive during the first half of the evening, her rum on the table beside her, had died by the evening's end, and was in the 'wondrous big casket' that Mr. Phillpotts, with a sepulchral chuckle, had provided for her. Dead or not, she could still kick. Her nephew and nieces realised this glumly when they sat with her lawyer as so many other stage relatives had sat with so many lawyers across the years.

Naturally in a Phillpotts play, Aunt Betsy was a Devonian. Even so, we should not go round imagining that, in the theatre, the grand old man of West Country letters has confined himself to Devon. He has written about Byzantium in 1067, and about an end-of-the-world scare (considered from Hampstead). And it seems to me that whenever I have reason to look through the play-lists of the last half-century or so, another work by Phillpotts turns up. No first-rank writer of our time has been more prolific or more versatile—both, of course, bad for his reputation. On the stage and on radio his name rests, inevitably, on the Devon comedies, and 'Aunt Betsy's Birthday' shows that at the age of ninety-two—he will be ninety-three in November—his ear for dialogue is as faultless as it ever was. It is this that makes him so good a radio-dramatist. He does not write brambled wurzel-flummery dialect plays (with hovering spectral footnotes and glossaries), but



'Miss Patterson' on June 28, with (left to right) Ballard Berkeley as Max, Andrea Malandrinos as Henri, and Fay Compton as Miss Patterson

had the great Shelley in her family tree was naturally asked her views on poetry: she said frankly that she had no use for it. George I who said 'I hate all Boets and Bainters' was even more direct. Had the royal ghost been looking and listening at the Dylan Thomas feature on that Sunday, I do not think that either the old king or the lady of today would have changed their opinion about 'Boets'—at least Boy Boets.

On Tuesday we had a forty-five-minute play; this is a length which I find very agreeable. 'Miss Patterson', by Antonia Ridge, adapted by Robin Wade, turned out to be one of the huge company of 'explosion' stories. In these the Little Man discovers that he can stick his humble desk at the office and his suburban villa no longer, walks out, and goes banging down the street like a Chinese cracker. Who is for liberty? Who leaves home? In this case, it was the Little Woman. The Miss Patterson of the play was a fading spinster who served commerce in a private commercial radio station in France. On the air she gave English lessons including publicity for Piccadilly tea. She had a way with her; her talks were of great use to aspiring linguists, young and old, and she became immensely popular: she also corrected the written work that her listeners sent in. One night she could stand her pupils' silly answers no longer; she was sick to exhaustion of her public and of her Piccadilly Tea. So she 'blew up' publicly and said quite a lot to her pupils



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every sentence, in its shape and flavour, is recognisably Devonian. Aunt Betsy, whom Ethel Coleridge acted on Saturday with a voice that managed to be at once rugged and sharp—a wind from the east against a granite tor—had, it seemed, money to leave, a very nice packet. Her relatives detested her, but could they sacrifice their expectations? They could not.

An old tale, and the end may not surprise. But what count most are the talk and the setting. We are made to see Betsy, with the picture of the death of Nelson on the wall behind her, and the sunset showing up every wrinkle in her face. Every wrinkle in her speech is a Devonian pucker. One need say simply that, in performance, a small cast—under Owen Reed—added its own warmth and veracity. Lewis Gedge, Constance Chapman, and Aileen Mills knew their lines, and George Holloway, calling on his tricycle, was a lawyer discreet enough to have been a member of that other Phillpotts firm, Forbes and Pilcher.

Athene Seyler is the aunt—Amelia this time—on 'Auntie Rides Again' (Home), a series of comedies about one of those dear twitterers we find only in the theatre. Maybe we should not call Miss Seyler's voice a twitter. It rockets up and down in scenic railway hills and curves. Now and then there is a glittering explosion when the front of the radio set ought to fall out (it never does). With this giddy aunt and the right kind of cast—Hubert Gregg and Maurice Denham, for example—and Vernon Harris to steer the thing along, these little comedies have every chance. I cannot say that the latest, 'Supply and Demands', showing Amelia as a less than astute business woman, took any of its chances. Its invention was as flat as its dialogue was flabby: Auntie, bless her, ought to ride more furiously than this.

'The Man About Town' (Home), with not an inaudible, slips along buoyantly. The latest instalment of Jack Buchanan's programme (produced by Roy Spear) opened with the arrival of Joan Sims, a secretarial agency's Miss Ramshackle. Charlie Chester tossed up an assortment of breathless jests (the television joke remains essential); and Hubert Gregg, continuing his London Survey in song, took us to the 'avenue without any trees'—Shaftesbury Avenue. 'Hancock's Half-Hour' (Light) became single-minded in the matter of vegetable marrows. For some reason or other, Hancock was claiming 'diplomatic immunity' for his marrow—don't ask me why—and we found ourselves, at the end, considering the case of the Crown *versus* Hancock's Marrow in a more-or-less strict court of justice. It was one of those amiable jokes that, like an overblown balloon, was in danger of exploding at any moment. It did not; but I am afraid I was far too anxious about it all to laugh.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Strikes

THE CRITIC in the ordinary sense is a writer who concerns himself with one or other of the arts, whereas a reviewer knows no such limitations. He deals, as often as not, with subjects which have no aesthetic appeal whatever and it occurred to me, as I closed my ears and took up my pen at the end of last week, that my listening from Sunday to Friday inclusive had been totally artless. Here then is your reviewer's report.

Four debates and one talk on strikes, whatever their other qualities, could not be expected to provide an artistic treat, nor did a discussion by an engineer on 'The Structural Fallacy' in architectural theory seem to promise any reference to the aesthetic side of design. 'Industrial Disputes' was a series of four arguments on the present discontent in industry in each

of which, with Dingle Foot as chairman, two speakers argued one of four aspects of the subject. 'Should the right to strike be limited?' was discussed by W. J. Brown and Anthony Greenwood, M.P., 'Should differentials be widened?' by Ted Leather, M.P., and Frank Cousins, 'Is British trade union structure out of date?' by H. A. Turner and Tom Williamson, and 'Do we need a national wages authority?' by Douglas Houghton, M.P., and George Woodcock. These, like other sociological themes, although of vital human importance, have their other, chillier aspect of dry technicality which many listeners might find forbidding, and although I would have listened to them even if not officially obliged to, it would have been purely as a democratic duty and not at all as a self-indulgence—a dose of medicine, in fact, not a pint of beer. Yet, after hearing the first, I was already convinced that what I was being offered was beer, and excellent beer. Mr. Foot is a first-rate chairman. His preliminary announcements put the scheme of the discussions in a nutshell and his brief intrusions during the debates and the discreet nudges with which he edged them back into their tracks kept the proceedings strictly to the point.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Greenwood, in the first argument, and Mr. Leather and Mr. Cousins, in the second, upheld their different points of view with an eloquence, clearness, and good temper which kept me engrossed, enlightened, and unruffled throughout. There was nothing here of the nastiness which so often crops up and gets us nowhere when a couple of politicians meet on the platform of 'Any Questions?' The third debate was disappointing after the excellence of the first two. The argument seemed to me like those north-country rivers, ideal for trout-fishing, in which the current gathers here and there in deep pools and revolves without apparent headway. All the same, various striking points emerged. In the fourth, Mr. Houghton and Mr. Woodcock went at it hell-for-leather and hammer-and-tongs, but without allowing emotion to obscure reason and good manners. It was not to be expected that these arguments would reach clear-cut solutions: if that had been possible the problems of the strike would have been solved already. None the less this was a valuable and enjoyable series.

Asa Briggs, in 'The History of Strikes', made a most instructive analysis of the various kinds of strike, and the changes since early days in their tactics and objectives. He pointed out how difficult it is for an outside enquirer, let alone the general public, to discover the causes and details of a strike. The press reports on them only superficially, and when they are over they fade from public memory: even the memories of those actively concerned in them become in course of time, he said, remarkably unreliable. Like Mr. Greenwood, in the first debate of 'Industrial Disputes', he discounted the communist bogey: the root cause of a strike, he said, is a genuine grievance. He referred briefly to the influence of trade cycles, geography, and even the thermometer, and predicted that in future union organisation rather than wages will be the cause of strikes.

I have said it was an artless week, but art crept into the fascinating talk on 'The Structural Fallacy' by Ove Arup. It was a surprise, and to me a welcome one, to hear a structural engineer fly in the face of the theory, held by many modern architects, that if a building is designed simply to display its essential structure, beauty will automatically emerge. On the contrary, said Mr. Arup, it requires a major *tour-de-force* to make an engineering structure beautiful. He also maintained that a beautiful structure is not usually the same thing as an economic structure.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Radiophony and Melodrama

IN AN EXCITING WEEK the most interesting event, from our point of view, was the performance of Henk Badings' 'radiophonic' opera, 'Orestes'. Here was a substantial attempt to apply the potentialities of electronic techniques to the composition of an opera. The result is a work which can be performed only from a recording. The importance of the event lies not in the methods adopted, but in their success. In principle, the procedures of playing recordings at twice their speed, of 'filtering' the recorded sounds (as Dr. George has done for scientific reasons) and of superimposing two or more recordings upon one another do not differ from those employed in *musique concrète*. But, whereas *musique concrète* is an assemblage of noises, bearing no relation apart from its rhythm to music, as we normally understand the term, Henk Badings uses these devices for genuinely musical ends.

Not all the effects 'told' in performance in the sense that we should have noticed them without being warned—which is only to say that some of the results could have been obtained by normal means. But some could not. In particular, the unearthly gibbering of the Furies outraged in eerie horror anything in my experience. There was, too, some good 'straight' music, the best being the duet for Orestes and Hermione at the beginning. The composer's musical, as distinct from his technical invention, seemed to falter as the work proceeded—the recovery of the statue of Artemis in Tauris was a weak patch—possibly owing to a preoccupation with a novel technique. But, on the whole, this was a highly successful experiment, which held one's attention till near the end. The use of Pylades in an expository speaking role, chorus and compère in one, was entirely justified in the context of a radio performance.

The next evening, Home Service listeners visited Covent Garden, and heard the best performance of 'Tosca' that has been given there for very many years. It may be that Mme. Tebaldi does not command the kittenish qualities that still survive in the redoubtable man-eater during her first scene with Cavaradossi, and she did not get the right note of coy malice into her parting shot, 'ma fa gli occhi neri'. But what a splendid tiger she was in her *scène à faire*! And she sang throughout with magnificent voice and supple phrasing.

I have never agreed with the commonly held view that Cavaradossi is nothing more than a tailor's dummy of a tenor—though too many singers of the part have lent support to it—or that the political aspects of the plot are made insufficiently clear. One of the merits of the performance under review was that it got everything into focus and did not sacrifice the Angelotti theme to the sensational soprano-tenor-baritone triangle. To this end Signor Tagliavini contributed a performance as the painter which brought out the true character of the part. He was particularly clever in maintaining his impatience and anxiety during the long duet with Tosca, so that, under the sweet, lush love-passages, there was a feeling of tragic tension, of the fatal passage of irrecoverable minutes. We were never allowed to forget the fugitive, forcefully presented by Michael Langdon, in the chapel. The tenor matched the intelligence of his acting with the excellence of his singing. He has a fine ringing tone for the big climaxes, and he reserved it for them. Elsewhere he sang with a tender lyricism and with beautifully graded tone such as we rarely hear in this opera.

And there was Tito Gobbi's Scarpia, whose powerful menace came over in the broadcast more effectively than it did in the theatre two

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nights before. For it was difficult to believe that the handsome and really benevolent-looking gentleman had an ounce of real wickedness in him or would have harmed a mouse. But the menace and the sense of evil was abundantly present in the voice we heard last Thursday, for all that it lacks the cutting edge ideally required for the part. The English members of the company ably supported the Italian principals, David Tree's nasty Spoletta being particularly effective, a worthy successor to Octave D'ua.

A great deal of the credit for the performance

was due to Christopher West's intelligent production. The orchestral performance was only moderately good, for while Signor Molinari-Pradelli accompanied the singers efficiently, if rather too loudly at times, he missed many of the beauties in the score. The dawn-scene in the last act (can't they get a boy to sing the shepherd's song?) went for next to nothing.

The second broadcast of 'Figaro' from Glyndebourne showed that Sena Jurinac's Countess has improved, that Signor Gui's handling of the score still lacks *finesse*, and that Risè Stevens is no match for Frances Bible in the part

of Cherubino—her sense of rhythm was at fault in 'Non so più'.

Two complementary programmes of French church music of the time of Louis XIV and of Purcell's Odes (performed before the musicologists assembled at Oxford) would have merited an article to themselves. I will only remark how serious the French music was in an abundantly frivolous age, as austere and beautifully proportioned as the severely unornamented arcades of the contemporary French conventual buildings.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

A Lost Bizet Opera

By WINTON DEAN

Fragments of 'La Coupe du Roi de Thule' will be broadcast at 8.5 p.m. on Tuesday, July 12, and 6.0 p.m. the following day (both Third)

BETWEEN 'La Jolie Fille de Perth' (1866) and 'Djamileh' (1871) there is a curious gap in Bizet's output. These were the five vital years during which the rather uncertain composer of the early operas developed into the genius of 'L'Arlésienne' and 'Carmen'; and they would appear to have yielded nothing. In fact at least nine operatic projects were considered or attempted. Some of these did not amount to much (there was an act of a composite operetta and the completion of Halévy's posthumous 'Noé'); others were probably never begun. But sketches or fragments of at least three survive, and one of them, 'La Coupe du Roi de Thule', is a work of the highest interest. It is generally thought to have been unfinished; but there are grounds for supposing that only the carelessness of those who had charge of Bizet's papers after his death has deprived us of an opera that might have ranked second only to 'Carmen'.

The circumstances of its composition are interesting. The libretto, by Louis Gallet and Edouard Blau, was the set book for an operatic competition held by the Paris Opéra in 1868. Bizet gave it to two of his pupils to set as an exercise, remarking that he was unlikely to enter himself. He had other irons in the fire; but his real reason for holding back seems to have been a fear of competing for the prize without winning it. Bizet suffered all his life from a distressing lack of self-confidence, amounting at times almost to persecution mania. He was convinced that the competition would be rigged; and although the director of the Opéra pressed him to compete and even assured him of victory in advance, he spent the summer in an agony of vacillation. He was seriously ill from the throat complaint that was presently to kill him, and he plunged desperately into philosophical studies with a view to establishing his personal beliefs. In July he told his pupil Galabert that he was changing his skin as man and artist. And in September: 'A change so radical from the musical point of view is taking place in me that I cannot risk my new manner without preparing myself several months in advance. I am making use of September and October for this trial'. During these months he composed the first two acts of 'La Coupe', and the third may have followed before the end of the year. At first Bizet was very pleased with his score, which he considered (not without reason) far superior to his early work. But self-doubt returned, followed by disgust, and he appears not to have submitted it to the Opéra. His suspicions of corruption were probably justified; the prize went, over the heads of Massenet and Guiraud

among others, to a remarkably tedious setting by an amateur named Diaz.

Bizet's manuscript has a dismal history. He drew upon it for several themes in 'Djamileh' and one of the greatest moments of 'Carmen'. After his death Guiraud arranged for publication a volume of songs and some duets, several of which certainly and others probably can be shown to belong to 'La Coupe'. But Guiraud or the publishers, after reducing the score for piano, commissioning new words, and perhaps making other changes, lost Bizet's originals. The Overture was published in 1881 under the inappropriate title of 'Marche funèbre'. The rest of the score remained with Bizet's heirs and appears to have suffered considerable further mutilation, whether by accident or pilfering. A few fragments eventually reached the library of the Paris Conservatoire, where they remained unsorted, and others are in private hands in America. They amount to fifteen in all, some barely a dozen bars long and only one containing an entire musical number. But they come from all three acts, and every surviving page is in complete full score. Since Bizet's regular practice was first to make rough sketches, then to write out the voice parts of the whole opera, and lastly to fill in the scoring, this is strong evidence that 'La Coupe' was in fact finished. But unless further fragments turn up it will be impossible to reconstruct more than a few odd pieces.

Apart from the musical quality of what can be salvaged, the surpassing interest of the opera derives from three facts. In the first place, it justifies Bizet's claim of a radical musical change, and helps to fill the gap in his development towards mastery. Some of its new features were never followed up. The thematic structure is far more closely organised than in any of his other operas. About ten recurring themes and motives, some of them employed with great subtlety, can be recognised even in the torso that survives. The method is not in the least Wagnerian or symphonic; it is rather an exploitation of dramatic irony. Secondly, the psychological centre of the plot anticipates that of 'Carmen', and evidently touched hitherto unexplored depths in Bizet's imagination. Thirdly, in his letters to Galabert, Bizet analysed in some detail the characters, the dramatic situations and the problems of operatic technique to which they give rise; so that we can watch the composer at work and compare precept and practice with unusual exactness.

The story is set in legendary Thule, whose old King is dying for love of the courtesan Myrrha. She has bestowed her favours on

Angus, the King's favourite and presumed heir; but the succession must be confirmed by the possession of the golden cup presented long ago to the royal house by the siren Claribel, queen of the sea. The King gives the cup to Paddock, the royal jester, who beneath his professional irony conceals the only loyal heart at the corrupt court. Paddock throws the cup into the sea; whereupon Myrrha promises her love to whoever will recover it. Yorick, a young fisherman bewitched by Myrrha's beauty, dives in after it and despite the wiles of the siren, who offers him immortality in return for his love, returns successful. Myrrha thanks him perfunctorily, abjures her promise, and joins Angus on the throne. Yorick, disillusioned at last, invokes Claribel, who destroys the guilty pair and the fawning courtiers with a tidal wave.

Bizet, who strengthened the libretto in some significant details, was clearly fascinated by the characters, especially Myrrha, Yorick, and Paddock. Paddock has no counterpart in 'Carmen', but the complex of emotions involving Myrrha, Yorick, Claribel, and Angus closely parallels that between Carmen, José, Micaela and Escamillo; and between the first three pairs there are marked musical similarities, too. Claribel's music (in the central section of the overture, for instance) is very like Micaela's; one of Yorick's themes was actually transferred to José ('*Dût-il m'en coûter la vie*', in Act III); while Bizet's description of Myrrha at her first entrance could almost be transferred to Carmen:

This Myrrha is an old-style courtesan, sensual as Sappho, ambitious as Aspasia; she is beautiful, quick-witted, alluring. The unheard-of seduction she exercises over Yorick is the proof of it. In her eyes must be that greenish look, the sure sign of sensuality and egoism pushed to the length of cruelty. . . . The whole conversation should be based on a symphonic passage expressing her fascination of Yorick. . . . She is leaning on Angus' arm; she comes in slowly, dreamily, absent-mindedly; she turns her glance on all around her, and fixes it almost disdainfully on Yorick.

Bizet's exquisite music to this scene is the third of the fragments to be heard next week. The others are the Overture, the air in which Paddock laments the plight of his dying master, and the legend of the cup, sung by Myrrha, with a magnificent broad refrain in which the chorus join. Only the Overture has ever been performed—and that, so far as can be ascertained, on a single occasion as long ago as 1880. Two of the movements have lacunae owing to the loss of pages from the autograph. Fortunately they can be filled with a fair degree of certainty.



Annie Besant



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by St. John Ervine



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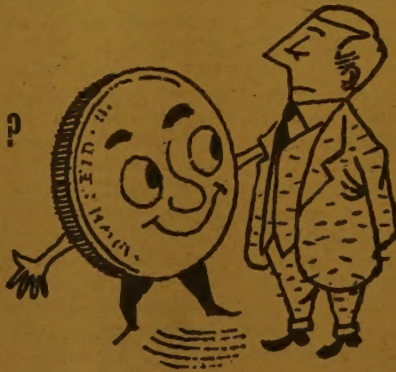
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HOT CRAB DISHES

THIS IS THE TIME of the year when crabs are at their best. Though it is easy enough to take the line of least resistance and get the fishmonger to dress one for you, I think you will probably agree, when you have tried it—if you have not done so already—that hot crab is even better than cold crab.

If you want your crab to be as good as it possibly can be, try to get a male crab. This, like the cock lobster, will give you better flesh. And if you are nervous about any bits and pieces inside the cooked crab which you have an idea might disagree with you, ask the fishmonger to take these out when he sells you the crab, or at any rate ask him to tell you what to take out yourself.

Having got the cooked crab safely home, one of the things I would like you to do with it is to scramble it with eggs. This is one of the most delicious crab dishes there is, extremely simple and—to most people—extremely unexpected. Get ready to make some scrambled eggs. I cannot tell you how many eggs you will want: it depends on the size of the crab and how eggy you like the mixture to be. When you have melted your butter, or margarine, in the saucepan, stir into it the soft part of the crab, and stir this all together with a wooden spoon until it is smooth and creamy. Season as you like with salt and pepper. I like a touch of cayenne, but if this is too hot for you, a little paprika pepper goes well with crab. Now add another piece of butter, add the slightly beaten eggs, and proceed to scramble them in the usual way. When

the eggs begin to set, stir in very lightly with a fork the finely shredded warmed meat from the claws. Go on scrambling until you reach the right point, and serve it at once before it gets over-cooked, with a little plainly boiled rice or a simple risotto.

The other dish I want to describe comes from Brittany. This consists of a mixture of the cooked crab and a binding of rather strongly flavoured cheese sauce. When the mixture is cold, it is used to make little turnovers, which are baked in the oven in the usual way. Puff paste is the best for this, but short crust is good, and the appearance of the turnovers is improved if they are brushed with beaten egg. They are best eaten hot, but quite good cold.

You can very easily devil the crab by binding it with a white sauce flavoured with onion and mustard, or you can curry it by using a light curry sauce. For the last you can mix the crab with an equal quantity of cooked rice, if you want to make it go further. You can also use crab in a kedgerie—first rate, too—but keep it rather highly seasoned and mix in plenty of butter, chopped parsley, and chives if you grow them, or the very young, green part of spring onions.

AMBROSE HEATH

SPANISH CAULIFLOWER

Cook a cauliflower, break off the flowerets and put them into a white sauce with the beaten yolks of two eggs. To make the dish more substantial you can add shrimps or pieces of bacon

or fish. Put all this into a fireproof dish, and completely cover it with the whites of eggs whipped stiff. Put it all under the grill, or in a hot oven, just long enough to brown it slightly.

MARGARET RYAN

Notes on Contributors

SIR CHARLES WEBSTER, K.C.M.G. (page 5): Stevenson Professor of International History, London School of Economics, 1932-53; member of British delegation to Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco Conferences, 1944-45, and of Preparatory Commission and General Assembly of U.N., London, 1945-46; author of *The Foreign Policy of Palmerston, 1830-41*, etc.

JAMES B. JEFFERYS (page 7): Senior Research Associate of the National Institute of Economic and Social Research; author of *Retail Trading in Britain*

OVE ARUP, C.B.E. (page 12): civil engineer; author of *Safe Housing in War-Time*, etc.

PHILIP LEON (page 15): Professor of Classics, University College, Leicester

A. L. ROWSE (page 17): Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford; author of *The England of Elizabeth*, *Sir Richard Grenville of the Revenge*, etc.

BRUNO ADLER (page 28): author of *Matthias Claudius*, *Adalbert Stifter*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,314.

Chain Letters.

By Tyke

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the Crosswords the Editor's decision is final

This puzzle is based on an endless chain of seven-letter words, in which the last three letters of one word are the first three of its successor. Clues are given to alternate words only in the chain. The first four letters of each chain-word are to be entered across in the diagram, the precise place being determined by the down clues, which

are normal. Punctuation (or the lack of it) is designed to mislead. An accent occurring in the chain is to be ignored.

CLUES—CHAIN WORDS

701. Elbowing out the Welsh, in short, can be construed as dishonourable
703. Practical skill is the beginning of technique, as this executant clearly shows
705. A storm in a tea-cup can produce much pain
707. Only the centre of 721 will suffice for a beetle's fore-wing
709. Genus of large plants provides a teasing anagram for a family emblem
711. The sailing qualities of the ship are out of order; material for welding operations is required . . .
713. . . . and this upsets the sailors, the scamps
715. Egyptian god takes some special rum with him and provides fancy cake
717. Take a rest here (you might find extra pie quite helpful)
719. Old kind of type is quite an alteration
721. Enter a Dean's hero, without hesitation, describing a fever (the entire chapter is involved)
723. Strange beginning has been inserted in a Hindu religious book
725. Tuneful introduction to mechanical music, including a reversed figure
727. Regulated or endured in Scotland with little alteration
729. It was said of Sir Launcelot that he 'was the ——— man that ever struck with sword'
731. Famous theatre in Philadelphia
733. What is paid to a landlord in the North, for a month's services?
735. One certainly needs sea-legs in such a never-ending storm

DOWN

1. Capital start to a lively dance (4)
2. She is always half-canned (3)
3. Put in a box, wearing clerical dress but without foot-covering (5)
4. Piece of glass shows 14 standing on his head in the afternoon. (N.B. This is quite pointless) (5)
5. Has, archaically, one head-covering and part of a second (4)

6. An eldest son captures this after 10 (4)
7. It flies or it could be flown (4)
8. He is stupid—he must be told differently (4)
9. A synonym for this could fit 15D to a T (dreadful clue) (4)
10. A half-column on Everest, for instance (3)
11. Bird in the same group as the White Albatross (4)
12. Strong alkaline solutions? Yes, but with added liquid (4)
13. Natural kind of make-up for an ingénue (save the mark) (7)
14. For this man of title, see Burke's *Irish Peerage* (3)
15. Make no mistake, here a mistake is no mistake (5)
16. Naked, holding only a newspaper, in a continuous bombardment (7)
17. Scottish town takes the lead in sinfulness (4)
18. Bury 'Arold, for example, in the meantime (7)
19. Runs back, introducing the Norwegian Parliament (5)
20. The object aimed at by THE LISTENER is to deepen affection (6)
21. These helpers have peculiar ideas (5)
22. The stench has no end; it leads to the trail of the hares (5)
23. Plasters with mud (certain poems are involved here) (5)
24. State an alternative for nice perception (5)
25. Not the only bird whose feathers were used for writing (3)

Solution of No. 1,312

B	E	A	K	P	I	E	R	C	O	N	T	R	A
I	G	N	A	R	O	L	W	A	D	M	A	L	L
P	R	O	K	O	F	I	E	F	I	E	M	I	L
E	A	N	E	B	F	Z	S	E	L	A	P	S	E
D	N	A	M	E	E	A	L	B	E	N	I	Z	M
S	A	M	O	N	B	E	A	R	A	C	T	A	
A	D	A	N	A	N	B	E	Y	R	E	J	O	I
C	O	R	O	N	A	T	I	O	N	A	B	E	D
I	S	T	L	E	C	H	A	M	I	N	A	D	E
S	P	I	A	A	H	A	V	E	T	A	X	I	S
R	I	N	G	B	O	N	E	T	E	C	A	E	N
U	Q	U	I	L	T	E	R	R	N	E	G	R	O
M	U	L	L	E	I	N	D	I	C	K	I	E	R
P	E	T	E	R	S	D	I	C	Y	W	O	N	T

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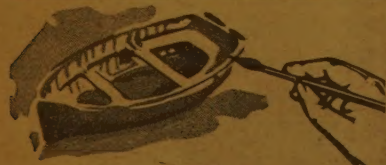
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